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Saint Sauveur

1613-1913.

The wind that blows o'er Mount Desert
Sings low, sings low,
Sings of the far off misty days
When the woodland paths and the waterways
Knew only the touch of the deer skin shoe
And the tranquil swish of the swift canoe,
Of the slender craft as fleet on the breeze
That bore them down from the Northern seas,
Sings of the Mariner Knight, who gave
A name to the isle, Champlain the brave.
So chants the wind at its even prayer
Lightly singing and low.

There came a ship, again it sings,
Through a dreary fog, on leaden wings
And sunlight burst upon the bay
Driving the sullen mists away.
The eagle swooped from his lofty keep;
Startled, the timorous seal plunged deep,
And the Indian on the mountain side
Paused on the trail to peer below,
So runs the song at eventide
When the wind sings low.

Breasting the slope by Somes Sound,
A Cross arose. Then, all around,
Rude houses were built of new felled trees
For those who came through unknown seas
To bring the Word; and the Sagamore
Spread far the news of the strange, sweet lore,
The huntsman came and learned to pray
and brought his children, that they might know.
Hark to the wind that sweeps the bay
Peacefully singing and low.

All promised well—There in the glade
The Holy Sacrifice was made,
By yon rough strand wise Massé mused
That rocky pulpit Quentin used;
But here aghast stood brave Biard
Sighting the fatal ship afar,
The sloop of Argall and his knaves,
Here sank Du Thet at the first fell blow.
The wind moans over the hillside graves
Sadly singing and low.

So ended suddenly the dream
Of noble minds, and over stream
And wooded hill for many a year
A lonely silence fell. Then near
The hallowed spot the "black-robe" chose
Once more the Cross and Altar rose,
For after darkness cometh light,
And still the mills of God grind slow.
So chants the prayerful wind each night
Gently singing and low.

M. R. W.

CHRONOLOGY FOR SEPTEMBER

1. Visitation of Holy Rosary Convent, Upper Frenchville.
   Confirmation at St. Agatha, 3 P. M.
2. Visitation of Convent of "La Sagesse" at St. Agatha.
   Confirmation in new Church at St. David's.
3. Solemn Blessing of new St. David's Church, and Pontifical Mass by Rt. Rev. Bishop.
   Sermon by Rev. H. Gory.
   Bishop Barry of Chatham, and about forty priests present.
   Blessing of the Calvary Group in Cemetery at 3 P. M.
4. Visit to Houlton, thence to Bangor.
5. Visit to Orono, inspection of new property, thence to Oldtown, and later by train to Waterville.
6. Inspection of new Notre Dame School and Chapel at Waterville, thence to Portland.
8. Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, anniversary of Solemn Blessing of the Cathedral in 1869.
   Catholic Schools open in Portland, more than 1000 pupils the first day.
10. Bishop Currier, recently consecrated for Matanzar, Cuba, arrived in Portland.
13. Canonical visitation of St. Joseph's Convent in Biddeford.
    Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Rice, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, and Rev. Dr. William Kerby, Ph. D., of the Catholic University at Washington, arrived in the evening.
14. Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Solemn Pontifical Mass by Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland, special sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rice at the Mass, and by Rev. Dr. Kerby at Vespers—all in honor of the Constantine Jubilee and Centenary.
15. Annual Retreat for priests of the Diocese opened at Ottawa Home, Cushing's Island, hotel exclusively for the priests. Preacher, Rev. Francis McCarthy, S. J. Retreat closed on Friday morning, 9.30 o'clock.
16. Conventicle, called by "four men under Interdict" held at Augusta, usual talk and resolutions, all directed by "Bonneau." New committee formed, same type as previous one, only more so. No respectable Catholic can have any connection with the committee.
22. Bishop started to give Confirmation and visit in Washington County, reached Bar Harbor, visit to new Convent and school, 29 pupils in one room.
23. Confirmation at Machias 11.15. Visit to Whitneyville, thence to Eastport.

24. Confirmation at Lubec, 9.45 A. M., and inspection of proposed new Parish property. Visit to West Lubec, short address to people. Confirmation at Pleasant Point, procession of Indians and Band Concert, 3. P. M. Confirmation at Eastport, 7.30 P. M.
25. Visit to Pembroke, address to people. Confirmation at Calais, 12 o'clock. Visit to Indians at Dana's Point, by auto and motor boat—and Confirmation. Confirmation at Woodland, 8 P. M., return to Calais.
26. Train to Bangor—short visit to Oldtown, thence to Portland, home at 9.25 P. M.
27. Funeral of Mr. William McAleny of Portland.
29. Inspection of all the new work and repairs on Cathedral Chapel and on St. Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum.

MILDRED.

Mildred with the laughing eyes,
Glimpse of heaven's deepest blue,
Brighter than the fairest skies,
Shining as I gaze at you.

Baby Mildred, gaily bide
In your world of love secure.
All too soon will shadows glide
O'er the sun of childhood pure.

Official

A Solemn Portifical Mass of Requiem for the deceased Bishops and Priests of the Diocese of Portland, will be offered in the Cathedral at Portland, Wednesday, November 5th.

The Diocesan Clergy is hereby respectfully notified and requested to announce this annual commemoration to the members of the laity, and to urge their assistance at a Mass of Requiem to be celebrated if possible, Wednesday morning, November 5th, in every Parish Church, in union with that of the Rt. Rev. Bishop for the repose of the souls of the departed Bishops and Priests who have labored in the Diocese of Portland.

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TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Sweet Mother, as I kneel before thee now,
I place a crown of roses on thy brow,
All perfumed with the incense of my heart,
And every petal of my soul a part.

And some are white as purity that shines
Upon thy brow, O Virgin Mother fair;
And some are red as sacred love entwines
Thy Son and the Redemptions cross to bear.

While others golden with celestial glow,
Rich jewels like the favors you bestow,—
Sweet memories of power and glory won
In union with thy dear and sacred Son.

O Hope of all earth's children, Queen of Light,
Below what paths of virtue thou hast trod;
Resplendent is thy mystery, Star of Night;
Hail Mother of the one eternal God!

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

"And now stands grave October among her golden sheaves,
Her brow serene and sober, ablaze with autumn leaves,
And we again are singing; once more we come to thee,
A radiant garland bringing, Queen of the Rosary!"

October is with us again, the month of harvest in Our Lady's garden of Roses. What tender memories grace the golden days of this dear month. The praises of Mary are sung by earth's children, and as we meditate upon the proposed mysteries we twine into spiritual garlands, the white roses of joy, the crimson roses of suffering, the golden roses of glory.

But we have another beautiful devotion during October. It is also the month of the Holy Angels, those invisible friends, unwearying watchers, who, while enjoying the glory of the Beatific Vision, keep unremitting virgil over the souls of men. What a beautiful dispensation of Divine Providence. Who among us would neglect to say daily a prayer to the sweet spirit whom we call our Guardian Angel. Calling to mind the simple hymn of childhood days let us sing it or say it with deepest gratitude and love:

"Dear Angel ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven
To guard a little child like me."

Verdi's "Messe De Requiem"

The recent presentation of Verdi's "Messe de Requiem" at the Auditorium in Portland, was an event of more than ordinary signification and worth more than passing notice. On several other occasions this music has been performed in our country at least, and it served to arouse the interest of many of those whose artistic taste is directed towards music of an ecclesiastical character; at the same time it gave an insight into the style and methods of composition, peculiar to the Italian Maestro in memory of whom the mass was produced.

The last two centuries have witnessed the production of many excellent additions to our store of musical drama. Within the scope of such works, new schools have arisen to supersede those which had before held sway, and to give place in time to the reign of schools yet newer. In the latter category we place the name of Giuseppe Verdi—the famous composer of the best known operas of the age, and also of the "Messe de Requiem," written in 1873, in memory of Alessandro Manzoni.

It is a well established principle that music is a mode of expression, limited certainly, but of wonderful power and intensity, conveying to the mind ideas that are beyond the power of words to express—in a word it is a relation between sound and the soul. To Verdi will be rendered the praise of having seized upon the truth of this relation and of having manifested it in its infinite grandeur and in its infinite detail. A certain French writer has said: "When Verdi began to write, the influence of foreign literature and new theories on art had excited Italian composers to seek a violent expression of the passions, and to leave the interpretation of amiable and delicate sentiments for that of sombre flights of the soul. A serious mind, gifted with a rich imagination, Verdi became the chief of the new school. His music became intense and dramatic; by vigor, energy, a certain ruggedness and sharpness, by powerful efforts of sound, he conquered an immense popularity in Italy, where success had been hitherto attained only by the charm, suavity, and abundance of the melodies produced. This dramatic temperament often necessitated a bold and eccentric treatment, too loud and abrupt to please the delicately critical ear, thus making essentially the

most nervous, exuberant and theatrical of all the composers of the past century, and enabling him to publish such masterpieces as "Aida," Rigoletto," "Othello," and "Falstaff." How far these distinct characteristics qualified him to compose a mass of requiem is another question. Too much indeed cannot be said in praise of this effort, considered as the work of one whose music may be regarded as always striking and vigorous, seldom lacking in rich, redundant melody, simple and easily accessible to the emotions of all. It would be doing an injustice to the great composer, were one to pass over in silence such passages of the "Dies Irae," as the "tuba mirum" with its magnificent orchestration, the significant repetitions of the "mors stupebit" and the expressive rendering of the "rex tremendae." The "Sanctus," though rather light for the depth of meaning conveyed by the words, was more than compensated for by what followed in the exquisite music of the "Agnus Die" and "Libera Me."

Without, however, seeming in any way to detract from the truly-deserved merit of the mass regarded in the light of a real artistic work, it might not be inopportune to venture the statement that the music of it is such as would be best calculated to achieve success rather within the walls of a theatre than within the hallowed precincts of a church. Let it be borne in mind that too much cannot be said in praise of Verdi as a dramatic composer, and it is, in fact, the only aspect under which one should attempt to judge of his merits as a musician. The rare excursions made by him outside the domain of the theatre, notably in the sphere of religion are but a confirmation of this.

A magnificent composition, replete with many beautiful melodies and superbly written for the singers, the "Messe de Requiem" contains all that might well be calculated to please the ear and to arouse the emotions. But it cannot be said to have much in common with religious art. Leaving aside the sacred text, it has been noticed that there is a succession of arias, duets, trios and chorusues that might be unmistakably regarded as extracts from some unpublished opera—sudden blazes of song, never a lingering fire.

But there are details on the whole, the presentation of Verdi's "Requiem Mass" has been accorded a praise and welcome that are gratifying to see and that speak well for our music-loving public. It moreover goes to prove that "in the liturgy and chant of the Catholic Church there is a strong emotional element—a powerful stimulus to move the souls of men."

WITH GOD.

Sweet it is to know that Heaven
Is beside and all around me,
That my Lord in richest glory
Dwells upon the purple hills.
Here in all the autumn beauty,
Which His loving care has found me,
I can hear His gentle footstep,
Like the murmur of the rills.
Every blossom by the wayside,
Every shell from out the ocean,
Every zephyr bearing perfume
From the crimson-hearted rose,
Sings the Master's sacred story,
As a hymn of true devotion,—
While my heart is filled with rapture
Of abandon and repose.

The Power of Prayer

The old Mission church lay bathed in the morning sunlight, its white walls in pleasant contrast with the deep green verdure of the near hillside. A wide, beautiful plain, bounded by far-away blue mountains stretched out to the north, covered with fields of delicious green, vineyards, meadows and gardens, forming a very paradise. White level roads shaded by rows of superb trees, a dream-like glimpse of domes and spires above masses of semi-tropical foliage.

"This is one of the healthiest resorts in the world," said Juan Facatas to his friend Loring Travers who had come to Mexico for a spell of recuperation, "but the rebels are in action and it is almost impossible to quell their continual uprisings. Marquesaras is in a state of agitation, and it is never possible to tell when they will swoop down upon us. A large portion of our troops were sent to the frontier and if these insurgents only knew the condition of affairs here at the Mission, they would not hesitate to fall upon us. Only Heaven and our Blessed Mother would be able to defend us." He lifted his sombrero reverently as he spoke.

"I suppose this is a typical Mexican scene," said Loring, smiling as he stood still, watching the picture along the banks of the canal nearby.

"It will be even more typical than this if the Salvados get after us," answered Juan, looking a trifle uneasy as he gazed out towards the mountain where a moving speck like a man on horseback could be faintly discerned—but the object disappeared in the vista of softly tinted stretches of smiling sky and sunny slope where life seemed overflowing with color and light.

After dinner at the Governor's Plaza, there followed a siesta so prolonged that the afternoon was well advanced before several sharp raps from the general's cane brought them together again.

A group of officers were standing near the fountain. One of them glanced uneasily around and made a motion to Juan, who detached himself from his party and joined the officer. A whispered dialogue followed and the officers galloped off in the direction of the fort. The women and children hastened to the church—evidently some word of alarm had been given. The fort was quite a distance from the church and close to the foot of the hills guarding the mountain pass. It was altogether a risky situation for the Governor's household. There were many approaches to the Plaza, but it was always impossible to tell from which side the attack would be made. However, the long, wide roads gave splendid view of danger and the fort was near enough. The present difficulty lay in the fact that only a very small number of armed men were of avail—as the Mission church and Plaza had never seemed to be an objective point for the rebels. "Juan," said one of the men, "our position here is in every way admirable, but how shall we manage to evade the enemy? They far outnumber us, and it is impossible to tell from which side they will make the approach."

"I have thought of that," said the Governor, with an anxious eye scanning the horizon, "would the enemy appear within a few hours, all will be well; the women and children are in the church saying the rosary and I would rather battle while they are still fervent and strong in their devotions. For we must keep the enemy at bay till the sun begins to descend. That is the time for the General to appear." He was passing the regiment at that moment, and an officer stepped forward, indicating by a sign that he wished to speak.

"I fear for Juan," said the officer; "he seems to have made up his mind that he is to lose his life today, but not until he has carried out some plan, which no doubt is so perilous as to make his anxieties not without reason. Could you not send him as guard on yonder hillside?"

"And if he did," said Juan at his elbow, "I would not go. Let others keep guard on the hillside, my place is here. Shame on you for plotting against me."

"But, Juan, you do not know. If you but knew it as a post of honor," said the Governor—"You—"

"Small thanks to you," said Juan, his old face lighting up, "I know enough to take care of my own honor. I'll be in the van, I say. It was not to hide myself behind yonder hill that I saw the sight I did this morning.

"Steady, men, steady!" called the Governor, "they are advancing from the west. Keep your ground; obey your officers; they know my plans."

"The Salvados! the Salvados! oh! a warm welcome to them."

On the rebels came, sword and cutlass flashing in the sunlight. Heaven help the militia with only glib-locks to protect their heads. Yet firm as a rock they stand, with pikes and bayonets firmly clasped, prepared to resist the shock. But on, still on the rebel host advances.

"Madre Dios, come to our aid," murmurs Juan.

Ha! midway on their course they are greeted by a scathing fire from the bushes on either side; they reel; they attempt to rally; Salvado waves his sabre and urges them on; thick and fast comes the deadly firing from the brushwood; over go the rebels one by one, man and horse rolling down the hillside.

A panic seized them, and their leaders losing all command of them, they fled in dismay—with their officers scampering on behind. Long and loud was the laugh that pealed after them. The Governor riding once more to the front cried out: "Bravely done, my faithful warriors, I knew it was in you."

Faintly from the church door wafted the echoes of the Litany of Our Lady—the women and children still stormed the heavens for aid. The Governor reverently raised his hat and bowed as if in deepest prayer; every man did likewise, and a silence sweet and solemn fell upon them.

"Our Lady shields us well!" whispered Juan.

"Amen," came in deep fervent response—and soon the Mission church resounded with praises of Our Lady of Victory, Protectress of her loyal children.

THE THREE Rs AND ANOTHER R.

One of the most remarkable facts in our national life is the stupendous outlay of money, time and activity that the nation is devoting to the education of its young. An army of teachers is employed in the work; and their activity, in and out of school, seems to be the greatest concern of the nation. Apart from the moneys expended for high schools, colleges and universities, the annual cost for the maintenance of the elementary schools alone, is more than two hundred and fifty million dollars. A more stupendous fact, and one of infinitely more vital concern is that side by side with the public schools are the parochial schools, wherein Catholic children, at a cost of sacrifice that money cannot estimate, are given a distinctively Christian education. The parents of the children of the parochial schools and of the public schools mingle with one another in social intercourse; the children of the one school play with those of the other; they start off to school together until they come to the parting of the ways—the ones entering a school building on one side of the street, the others the cross-tipped building on the other. The three Rs are taught in the one school as in the other. Why then do Catholics, after paying their share of the taxes for the support of the public schools, erect and maintain, at a cost of sacrifice that is truly heroic, a separate school system? It is because of another R which is not found in the public schools, namely Religion.

Education is and should be the vital concern of the nation. For Catholics, it is so vital that they are going to have the right kind of education at whatever the cost, and they believe that for a religious being, a religious education is the only right kind. If we admit at all that man is something more than a soulless animal, this ought to be the most obvious of truths. Indeed, it ought to be obvious not only from the Christian point of view, but from the point of view of true pedagogics as well as from the point of view of good civics. That this conviction is growing day by day is evidenced by the utterences of those outside the Catholic Church, who, alarmed at the loss of religion and morality in the multitudes, as a consequence of the lack of religion in the schools, are raising the cry of warning.

Let us for the nonce look at the question from the Christian standpoint. The Catholic axiom is: A Christian education for Christian children in a Christian school. Catholics believe with others that as the child is educated so shall the man be. And since the most elementary and fundamenal of all truths of religion is that man is immortal and destined for eternal life, so should his education be, especially at the most formative and controlling period of his life, that is, in childhood.

A true education must be the development of all the faculties of the child's life, physical, intellectual and moral; and one or

other of these faculties cannot be neglected without detriment to the life of the child. Will any man, I will not say who is a Christian, but who is not an atheist, deny that the soul is more than the body; that virtue is more than mere knowledge? And yet is it not strange that many parents, to whom this is absolutely undeniable in the abstract, do actually deny it and nullify it in the concrete, and neglect the education of the children in the "one thing necessary?"

Every system of education is founded on some underlying philosophical principle. It may be true or false, strong or weak, but every grade in the educational system, from the nursery to the university is inspired by some form of philosophy. This is true not only of the school, but of life itself. Now the philosophical principle underlying the Catholic school system is the Gospel of Christ. The Great Teacher of life in its development and in its fulness is not Plato, Pestalozzi, or Herbart or any other merely human contributor in the field of education but the eternal Son of God. "In Him we have all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." He has given to the world a philosopy of life and a science of pedagogy in whose light every other human system utterly fails. For the child and for the man, for all ages and stages of life He is the Great Teacher, and they who learn not from Him, even for the existence that now is, remain in darkness.

Life finds its development in diverse conditions and in many occupations; they are a means to an end, not the end itself. In the diverse conditions of life as in the different grades of school there must be a unity of end and purpose. "I am the Alpha and Omega;" a standard of measure "the life is more than the meat" a synthesis of law, controlling and conducing to the end "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind." And these laws of life cannot be violated with impunity. Whatever be our occupations, whether we be workers in stone or workers in steel, weavers of wool or weavers of wisdom, in the home or in the class room, in the factory or in the fields, we are workers in eternal things; we are building in time for eternity, and the foundation of our building, the primary principle of our educational system for the school and for life, as the ultimate test of it must be both for school and for life is "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" And in the interim there are certain principles of the pedagogy of the Great Teacher which must be learned and applied in school as well as life: "I am the way, the truth and the life." He is the way. "Follow me." He alone has given the world a perfect moral law and discipline. But He has given more, for He is the living exemplification of His law. He is the great Exemplar that has changed the path of life; has lifted

man from sin to virtue, from the quagmire to the sure and solid way, and has given strength to walk in that way, for "my yoke is sweet and my burden light."

He is the truth—not merely barren, speculative truth, but truth that is illuminating, enkindling, and enriching our intellectual and spiritual life, truth that penetrates all the depths of life and illumines them, truth that clarifies and unifies all the laws of life, truth that solves all the problems of life and gives a vision that penetrates beyond the veil and makes real and clear the vistas of the world to come.

He is the life—He is the way; He gives the light to follow and leads on. But He is and does more than that. He is the life. He gives strength to follow; He imparts His own life. His goal is afar; His ideal is heroic; it is divine; yes, but yet attainable by all, for in divine mysteries which He has established He gives the strength, the life,—Himself. He is our life from our coming into this world until our going out and beyond. He must "be formed in us. We must grow up in Him."

This is the Catholic philosophy of life, the reason of being, the inspiration of the Catholic school system. It is not a thing apart from education, nor is education a thing apart from it. It is the soul of Christian education. It must permeate, vivify and inspire our whole educational system. Whatever other lessons may be taught there, (and of course the subjects taught in other schools are taught also in the Catholic schools) whatever other counsels given, methods employed, devotions inculcated, exercises practiced, the Gospel of Christ must be the inspiration, the atmosphere, the breath, the life of the Catholic school. And in the measure that it prevails, it will be, from a purely pedagogic point of view, an educative force such as no other system can furnish. The Gospel of Christ is the foundation of our educational system. We take our stand on that and have no fear of falling. Christ is the Teacher in the Catholic school.

To be Continued.

THE PRIEST, HIS EDUCATION AND HIS WORK.

As our Catholic people through the diocese of Portland have in all probability generously responded to the stirring appeal made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop in his pastoral letter addressed to them through the columns of the September number of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine in behalf of the annual collection to defray the expenses of the diocesan seminarians, a short selection from a pastoral letter on this subject by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Toledo, Ohio, may be a source of edification to them.

Appealing to his people in behalf of providing for the education of the future priests of his diocese, Bishop Schrembs places before them the true ideal of a priest at his best. "You know well," says the Bishop, "what a good priest means to the community in which he lives. A priest who is true to his holy vocation, and is filled with the spirit of his Divine mission, exercises a power and an influence, the full extent of which the day of judgment alone will reveal. The priest is a man of God, who in obedience to the divine call has taken God for his portion and has consecrated his whole life to the salvation of souls, committed by Christ to His Church. By the holiness of his life he must be a supernatural leaven, purging out the corrupt tendencies of fallen human nature; he must be a safe pattern of a holy and Christ-like life, never denying by his actions the words of his preaching; ever serving as an encouragemment to the good, a warning to the careless and an irrefutable argument against the wicked. Like unto his Divine Master, whose mission he carries on, he must pass through the highways and the byways of human suffering and of human misery, doing good wherever he goes.

To-day the false principles of naturalism and indifferentism in religion are sapping the very foundations of supernatural faith, while unbridled sensualism is destroying morality. All the great and powerful forces and public agencies that sway man's intellectual and moral and social life such as school for the elementary grade to the highest class of the university; the press in its widest sense of every form of literary endeavor; the stage and all forms of public amusement; politics in all its various phases, would seem to be controlled by the enemy, and are being pressed into service against God and His Church. Who shall then proclaim to men the rights of God and the duties of men? Who shall preach virtue and denounce vice? Who shall become a living pattern of justice and a standing reproach to the ungodly? It is the priest of God's Church, for he holds a divine mandate to teach and to sanctify mankind. To him Christ speaks in the person of His apostles: "You are the light of the world; you are the salt of the earth." (St. Matt. v. 13-14) Woe to him then if he hide the light and dwell in

darkness! Woe to him if he have lost the savour and spread the pestilence of sin instead of the sweet odor of virtue! Such a one will become a curse to the Church, an execration to mankind, a traitor to his God and a damnation to himself. To him more than to any other apply these terrible words of Jesus Christ: "But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believes in me, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe to the world because of scandal, for it must needs be that scandal come, but woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh!" (St. Matt. xviii: 7-8). What a responsibility is bound up in the person and life of a priest! He must enter the arena to do battle against the forces of hell. He must follow the footsteps of the great apostles and missionaries, who started from under the shadow of the cross to effect the conversion of the nations. This is indeed a mighty struggle; it is the old, old struggle, begun centuries ago, when Lucifer unfurled the standard of rebellion against God. The name and number of those who would uproot the cross of Jesus Christ and tear out from the hearts of men the faith of Jesus Christ, is Legion. God's priest must stand up against them all and meet them all and vanquish them all, in the name and through the power of Christ's word. This is a most difficult work, for even with great learning and with great sanctity it is difficult so to preach that persuasion follows conviction; that the mind is led captive; that the heart is carried away; that men shall bend under the weight of our work and strike their breast with contrition. It is most difficult to enlighten the ignorant, to counsel to doubting, to strengthen the weak and to raise the fallen.

"THE LITTLE GENOESE."

Far away in the little sea-port town of Genoa, where the beautiful skies of Italy arch above a verdant hillside, a world's true hero first saw the light of day.

In the springtime, when Nature is awakening, the tender young foliage is of a thousand varied hues; and in winter, both valley and mountain are covered with a soft white down that vanishes before the noonday sun has wrapped them in its genial atmosphere. Out beyond the smiling valley stretches the lovely bay, the Bay of Genoa, gleaming and glistening and tossing its foam—capped waves with here and there a white sea gull, whirling and soaring over the waters that rock with the idle tide until lost in the distant purple haze of the horizon.

Nestling on the bosom of the hillside was a peasant's humble cottage, rather small, but very picturesque with its vine-clad walls. Near the open white-washed door extended a long bench overlooking the bay. Here sat a beautiful boy of about twelve years. His face wore a tired expression and in his eyes there dwelt a far-away look as if something very remote gained his attention. His dark hair was ruffled and tossed by the slight breezes blowing from the bay, as with chin in palm he sat watching the glory of the sunset. Like many another youth his dream was of the future, but how unlike the purpose of his thoughts! Christopher, the wool comber's son, for so he was, longed with all the ardor of his heart for the day when he might sail away into the glow of the sinking sun, even as he saw the sails of the disappearing ships fading into the distance. He yearned to find the undiscovered route, and bring the light of holy Faith to distant lands, to consecrate some portion of the world to his beloved "Santa Maria," by right of his own exploration.

Like a grand panorama those visions of the future passed before him in review.

"O my wonderful, beautiful fleet!" he cried, "with their shining sides and snowy sails! And my strong, brave sailors, ready to obey my slightest wish. Then the magnificent courtiers in their robes of satin and velvet, smiling and bowing respectfully as I approach. The holy monks, in sombre brown, reading their breviary or devoutly reciting their beads. But more than all, that glorious voyage in the bracing air, the great high waves, the dangers of the deep so courageously overcome. How my ships shall speed before the wind. O, when shall I see my dream fulfilled? When shall I be the great Admiral who will sail far, far away in the name of our Holy Redeemer? And when we land, I shall have a grand Te Deum, the banner of the Cross shall proudly float in the name of Heaven's King. The land shall bear fruit in His honor, the holy bell shall ring to praise His sacred power."

"And, ah, the return. As soon as possible I shall return to my native land; I shall bring joyful tidings of all the new strange things that I have seen. What a grand reception I shall receive. My name will be on every lip,—the gratitude of a kingdom, yes, even of the world, will be mine. But above all, the God-given truth shall have reached another land through me, poor me," and the child sank on his knees and buried his head in his arms folded across the bench.

"O Santa Maria!" he murmured, "how I long to bring tidings of you to that far off coast of India, to those poor natives still in the darkness of ignorance. I shall call the land San Salvador."

At this point of the child's soliloquy, he was rudely interrupted by his father, a brusque burly man, kind-hearted it is true, but with a rough exterior which repelled the gentle, sensitive Christopher.

"Well! here you are again, idling away your time. Give up these idle, shiftless ways! Get to work and comb some wool before it grows too dark! The wool is standing in the wool-shed and the vessels leave port at day-break! Here, Chris, get to work."

Thus sternly addressed, little Christopher turned to his father and with a wistful, patient smile spoke like a little prophet: "Some day, father, with the help of Mary in Heaven, I, too, shall set sail at day-break, but for a far different purpose."

For a moment, the wool-comber was taken by surprise at this patient answer. Angered by the child's slow movements, he burst out in a very torrent of wrath:

"Have done with those foolish fancies, you ——"

Here he came to a sudden pause, the mother had appeared in the doorway. She had overheard the conversation, and now approached the boy, comforted him and promised him her prayers to help him reach the land of his heart's desires. Who knows what dangers were averted by those very prayers? Great is a mother's love, and powerful, indeed, are a mother's prayers.

Thus consoled, Christopher gave a lingering look into the rose-hued western sky that hung over the bay, then turned and walked thoughtfully behind his father into the wool-shed.

Years passed. Christopher was no longer a child, but a gray-haired, weary man, with the same beautiful wistful eyes—from which the fiery look had long since departed.

He had made the journey, he had visited the land of his dreams, he had conquered the seas.

Fervent, indeed, had been his supplications, fervent his thanksgivings.

What a difference there had been between the visionary fleet and the reality. Three small vessels, a few followers, hardships, mutiny, disappointments, jealousies, scanty honors, chains, contempt, and finally, imprisonment.

The great discoverer, worn out with the hardships and burden of life lay dying. The visions of his childhood surged through his brain and the weary voyager of life sank into the arms of Holy Mother Church, breathing with love and faith and devotion "Santa Maria."

DOROTHY DAY, S. J. A., '14.

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS.

Yes give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanquished days;
Yes give me a land that hath story and song!
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong!
Yes give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And the names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war path of might
Shall be a rock in the temple of right.

Abram J. Ryan.

The Ter-Centenary Civic Celebration

When the antiquarian of the future lifts the veil from this the Ter-Centennial year of the Church in Maine and again causes the various figures of the past to take their places in review before him, two events will stand clearly established in his presence, namely the great celebrations, religious and civic, the one held at the historic ground of Mount Desert August 6th, and the other in the Auditorium of the City Hall at Portland, Sunday evening October 13th. The one he will see clothed in all the pomp and splendor of the Catholic ceremonial, purely religious in every sense of the word; the other will come to him as a great civic demonstration in which the Catholic and non Catholic people of Maine as one body in the presence of the highest ecclesiastical and civil powers, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland and the Governor of Maine commemorated together the glorious deeds of three hundred years ago. Whatever may be the conditions of that future age in the history of our Church and State, when others may meet to do honor to the past, they should find in going over the various details of these two events of this present year, matter amply worthy of consideration.

There are few that realize the full meaning of these two memorable days, August 6th and October 12th, the vast amount of care and anxiety in the arrangements; the many chances of disappointment; the inevitable lack of coöperation on the part of many whom one would naturally expect to respond; and the final summing up that the burden of the work fell to the lot of some one man, which in the present case must be attributed to the venerable diocesan ordinary, Louis Sabastian Walsh, D. D., bishop of Portland.

From the beginning, Bishop Walsh's one idea was to give a fitting place in the history of the church in Maine, to the heroic men who first brought the knowledge of the faith to our State, to bestow on them that setting, that place of honor so deservedly theirs because of their heroic acts as pioneers, or advance guards of the Catholic Church and her children, to-day so numerous and so influential both in the religious and civic life of Maine.

August 6th, 1913
Religious Celebration of Ter-Centenary of Church in Maine
Church of the Holy Redeemer, Bar Harbor, Me.

That the Rt. Rev. Bishop had in part realized his lofty purpose was evidenced in the great outpouring of the well disposed from far and near for the religious festivities at Bar Harbor, August 6th—but it was in a way reserved for the demonstration of Sunday evening, October 12th to place the crown of success on his efforts.

The date chosen, October 12, Columbus day, the events commemorated, the coming of the first Catholic colonists, and the recalling of the edict of Constantine, the first public recognition of the Cross, the magnificent Auditorium filled to overflowing with an attentive audience, the singing of the Cathedral sanctuary choir accompanied by the deep toned organ, the allegorical rendering of the history of our State by the graduates of the Catholic High school, the well chosen and well prepared addresses all combined to give a fitting closing to the various exercises of our ter-centenial year.

The entrance of the Rt. Rev. Bishop accompanied His Excellency, the Hon. W. T. Haines, Governor of Maine, attended by his staff and the speakers of the evening, was greeted with prolonged applause on the part of the audience at the subsidence of which the final acts in the Ter-Centenary civic celebration were enacted as follows:

Order of Exercises.

Organ, March
Chorus, "Unfold ye Portals" *Gounod*
Introductory Address,
Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonnough, V. G., Pres. M. C. H. S.
Address of Welcome, His Honor, Mayor Oakley C. Curtis
Historical Vision, Graduates of Catholic Girls High School
Hymn, "Ave Verum," Sanctuary Choir
Catholic Church and Education,
Hon. Charles L. Donohue of Portland
Italian Chorus—*Donizetti* Sanctuary Choir
Church and Medical Science, James A. Donavan, M. D.
Hymn in French, Sanctuary Choir
Address, J. C. Chabot, Esq., of Lewiston
Irish Airs Has Sorrow
The Harp
Catholic Citizenship, William H. Looney, Esq., of Portland
Hymn, "To Thee O Country," Sanctuary Choir
Address, His Excellency, Governor William T. Haines
"Benedictus," Sanctuary Choir
Catholic Church,
Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland
Grand Final Chorus, "Holy God,"
Sanctuary Choir and Audience

The worthy president of the Maine Catholic Historical society, The Rt. Rev. Michael C. McDonough, V. G., P. R., P. A., President of the Maine Catholic Historical Society under whose auspices the meeting was held, in an eloquent address welcomed the State and City officials, Governor Haines and Mayor Curtis, then dwelt at length on the significance of the celebration and the importance of the events commemorated on this occasion, after which he presented Mayor Curtis as the first speaker of the evening.

Mayor Curtis in his opening remarks highly complimented Bishop Walsh and his clergy upon the progress which the church had made during his few years as Bishop of Portland, in the erection of churches, founding of educational and charitable institutions, all of which are of great and unquestioned value to the community. He welcomed His Excellency, Governor Haines to the city of Portland assuring him that everyone in the city united with its Mayor in extending the courtesies of the town in a manner most befitting the highest civil official in the State.

Following His Honor's very cordial greetings, a very eloquent discourse on the Catholic Church and Education was delivered by the Hon. Charles I. Donahue of Portland, who said in substance. Catholics rely upon the influences of religion as taught in their schools as well as in their churches to protect their children from vice, and if there were no other compensation the purity and health of our children would be ample reward for the sacrifices we have made in establishing and maintaining our schools.

To-day there are 13,000 children attending Catholic schools in the State of Maine and we Catholics are paying for their education at an annual saving to the State of at least $300,000. That is our yearly contribution to the treasury of the State of Maine. We find our burden heavy, but not so heavy that we will not make other and greater sacrifices to keep the teachings of Christ in the hearts of our little ones in order that the power of human knowledge may be exercised by them on the side of morality and under the control of consciences trained to know and to choose good from evil.

At the close of Mr. Donahue's address, which was warmly applauded, that eminent Lewiston physician, Dr. James L. Donovan was next presented. Speaking on the "Church and Medical Science," Dr. Donovan's scholarly treatment of his subject was in part as follows:

It may be easy for one who has been all his days a Catholic and for some years a physician, to say something from that experience that might be of interest to at least a part of this splendid audience. I do not believe that this intelligent audience needs any definition of the Catholic Church, but in order

to make a distinction between that which is divine and human, I will say that the Catholic Church is of divine origin while the medical profession is an organization of human device and development. I would also say that the members of the two organizations are laboring under different auspices.

The Redeemer of men said to one of his Apostles, Thou art Peter and upon this rock I build my Church. He then commanded the Apostles to go and teach, promising them everlasting companionship. They went as ambassadors of Christ to all parts of the world then known where humanity could be found and ministered to their spiritual and corporal needs. These ambassadors of the Divine Master are doing that good work today not only in the land of peace and civilization, but in the country of the pagan and the savage where they endure the extreme suffering incident to missionary life and too often death itself. The medical profession has an ancient history coexisting with the earliest period of civilization. From the obscure days of Aesculapius down through the centuries the history of the medicine shows little except a mixture of superstition, ignorance and tradition. The methods were crude and barbarous for many ages. But later and from time to time epochs of marked improvement appeared due to the observations and investigations of master minds, as anatomical dissections, the circulation of the blood, the protecting influence of vaccination, the discovery of anaesthetics, etc. But it was not until the nineteenth century that the efforts of the profession were crowned with such brilliant and surpassing success. It was then that nature yielded up some of her precious secrets to those untiring workers in the field of chemical physiological and pathological research, which eventually led to such marvelous advance in the science of medicine and surgery. It must be apparent to those who know and realize the influence and benefit that the Church and medical profession exerts upon mankind; that they must now and always rank first in all that pertains to the welfare of humanity co-workers in the salvation and conservation of that duel organization—the soul and body of man.

The representatives of each profession take up side by side, the arduous labor with zeal and perseverance to secure the best results. Would it not be a misfortune if those co-workers aiming to accomplish good things for their fellow beings could not meet in cordial, friendly feeling and without any discrimination of class and nationality? I am happy to say from my experience that such cordial relations do exist and I am pleased to say besides, that during my service as a physician, the Catholic Clergy of New England, including those highest in authority, have treated me with the utmost consideration and kindness, for which I am truly grateful. Moreover, on account of the beneficent results and magnificent growth of the Catholic Church in

all parts of his diocese, I desire on this occasion to offer my heartiest congratulations to our esteemed and Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh and the Rt. Rev. and Rev. Clergy of the diocese, also to the sacred memory of those distinguished prelates and devoted clergy who have already gone to receive their reward. Now since it appears that the physician plays a part of some importance in the theatre of life, it is well to know the kind of person he or she should be, aside from their professional attainments. He should be a clean man, physically, mentally, and morally; he should possess all the virtues that enable and dignify humanity in other phases, he should be at all times and under all circumstances, a gentleman. I do not mean the indiscriminate doffing of hats and obsequious bows to Tom, Dick and everything one meets on the streets; I mean an expression of grace and character actuated by a pure life and the recognition of a fellow being. The physician on account of his position is closely observed; he can easily sow the seeds of scandal, but a reputation once seriously damaged scarcely admits of complete repair.

Probably no man has greater opportunity to do such serious, ruinous, monstrous harm than the bad physician. His title of M. D., his license to practice are the stockades that protect him in his den of infamy and crime.

On the other hand few men except the clergy, have greater facility to accomplish good deeds than the true physician. In these days, especially, when morals are too often lax, when human life is often sacrificed as if it was not a crime, when to a fearful extent the opinion prevails that we have the right to deliberately destroy one life with the hope of saving another's, when in reality the claims of the individuals to life are equal. I refer to the destruction of a living child to save its mother. In taking this position I am fully aware that I am at variance with many. It is a notable fact that the Catholic Church has ever been the defender of the unborn child.

The learned physician then entered on a discussion of the ethical side of his profession clearly showing how sacred life must always remain in the eye of a true Catholic practioner, hence whether dealing with the legitimate or illegitimate, there could be no inducement or reason sufficiently weighty to justify its destruction.

James G. Chabot, Esq., of Lewiston, was the next speaker following Dr. Donovan.

A descendant of the French Nation from which came the first Catholic settlers, Mr. Chabot paying a heartfelt tribute to his renowned and illustrious countrymen, held the attention of his audience until the close of his address. Beginning his discourse, Mr. Chabot said in part:

To be invited to participate in the program of such an important and world meaning celebration; to be privileged to address

such a noted representative audience in this masterpiece of modern architecture, as we are pleased to call this majestic public structure which rests with such grace and ease in the midst of this beautiful city by the sea; the Queen City of Maine.

To have this rare opportunity to appear on this eventful occasion which calls together the representatives of the Dual authorities of this State; civil and Religious, is an honor of which any man may well feel proud, and I am frank to say that I am profoundly moved by it for I am conscious of its importance; it is therefore with pleasure that I tender to our esteemed and Venerated Bishop and to the distinguished chairman of the evening, my most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

We are assembled in this hall, tonight to commemorate the ter-centenary anniversary of an event of the highest historical importance not only to the church, but to the State and Nation as well.

Three hundred years ago, on the shore of the Kennebec, in the shadow of what is now called Mount Desert, now part of this State, was celebrated the first recorded Mass by Father Biard, a Jesuit missionary from France, that great nation of generous sacrifices and of noble impulses, that nation then called the "eldest daughter of the Church."

Three centuries ago the solemn solitude of the wild forest of that Northern Region was for the first time awakened by the Christian voice of a disciple of Christ, in invocation to the God of the Cross.

Three hundred years ago the first human voice ever heard in that Virgin Forest of the "La Nouvelle France" as that Country was then called, proclaiming the Gospel of mercy and forgiveness and imploring the Divine blessings upon his new flock "his friends and brothers the Indians" as he used to call them, was the voice of that same apostolic God-fearing, priest and missionary of the wilderness, Father Biard.

Three centuries ago the whisper of the first Christian prayer addressed to the God of Nations which ever fell from the lips of a minister of the faith in those vast regions, and the first catholic voice which rippled the still waters of the Kennebec, was the prayer of a French priest, uttered in the *French language*.

It is therefore fitting and proper, and it seems to me, in accord with the rules of propriety and courtesy, that on this solemn occasion consecrated to commemorate that historical anniversary and to do honor to the exalted character and undaunted courage of those fearless pioneers of the catholic faith and civilization in this part of the new world, it is fitting and proper I say, that on such an occasion as this, one who claims to be a descendant, though remote of that same nation as those first Jesuits missionaries, should participate in the program of this celebration to honor their memory.

I am glad to seize the first opportunity ever offered to us, the Franco-Americans of Maine, to join you in these impressive solemnities.

My presence here tonight attests that we are still devoted and faithful children of the Catholic Church, loyal to its teachings, loyal and respectful also of its constituted authority and of its official representative; our beloved and devoted Bishop, the Right Reverend *Louis S. Walsh,* here present.

I bring to you Reverend Sir, and to the people of this diocese, a message of peace, of good will and of fealty from over 100,000 Roman Catholics, from over 100,000 *Franco-American* Roman Catholics living in this Grand State of Maine.

I bring to all, a token of our sincere devotion and of high respect, coupled with the assurance that we are still devoted, loyal, dutiful children of the church and *respectful* of its authority.

We are loyal and respectful too, to the constitution and laws of the Country and of this State and of its officers, of which His Excellency the patriotic, Governor, here present, is the eminent honorable chief representative.

We have been taught from the begining to respect and obey all laws, both civil and religious, and God knows that we have at all times endeavored and tried to the best of our ability to live up to that teaching.

We are *American first* and proud of the name which this noble title confers. Our first duty is to the Country of our adoption, and to its glorious flag, the stars and stripes.

We are glad to live in a country and in a State where the equality of man is recognized and where political and religious liberty to all its citizens is assured and respected by the constitution and the laws.

We have come here of our own free will, not to flee or escape from any domestic political tyranny or foreign oppression.

We have come here to cast our fortune and our fate with you; to co-operate as much as in our power lies, to the development and prosperity of the Country and of this State of which we are a part.

We aim to make of our children good patriotic, law abiding citizens, respectful of the laws as well as of themselves, and of their conscience, conscious of their rights but also mindful of the rights of others.

We are glad to live in a State which *bears a name* borrowed from an old Province of France, our mother country.

We look with joy, akin to national pride to the heroic deeds of those first missionaries of the church, of those pioneers of civilization in that part of the "La Nouvelle France" as this part now forming the State of Maine, was then called.

Those pioneers from France were men of virtue inspired by the love of God, and prompted by a most commendable and

patriotic devotion of duty to their church and to their Country.

They were true apostles of Christ; in order to be better fitted for their apostolic work they learned and familiarized themselves with the languages and dialects of the various Indian tribes which they sought to teach the Gospel and convert to the Christian faith, and to the Christian civilization.

We know from the records of history what France did for this country and that the part taken by that nation in this section of the new world; in its efforts to bring it to civilization and to deal with the Indians, is a noble and glorious part.

We can neither add to it nor detract from it. The events of that momentous and eventful period are now matters which belong to the domain of history.

The lakes and rivers, the mountains and forests, the hills and valleys of Maine still bear the imprints of the footsteps and of the heroic deeds of those chivalrous courageous French missionaries and pioneers of civilization who first explored, settled and gave to many of them their names to the world.

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies and even our happiness with what is distant in place of time; and looking before and after to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity.

We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation.

By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character and their virtue, by sharing in their suffering and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs, we mingle our own existence with theirs and seem to belong to their age.

Standing in this relation to those pioneers of religion and civilization; to those first settlers of Maine whose memory we have assembled on this occasion to honor, we pledge ourselves to perform the duties which that relation and the present occasion demand of us.

We know indeed that the record of their illustrious actions and deeds of sacrifice is most safely deposited in the universal grateful remembrance of mankind, and their names will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude and respect by every one in whose breast there shall arise an impulse of admiration for deeds of sacrifice and devotion to duty, and an aspiration for the grandeur of men and of human liberty.

The important subject of "Catholic Citizenship" and all that the same implies was handled in a very interesting way by the Hon. William H. Looney in his usual able and concise manner. Rising amid prolonged applause, Mr. Looney said: "I use the term Catholic Citizenship as synonymous with American Citizenship. The ideal Catholic is the ideal American. Fidelity to the teachings of the Catholic church, is loyalty to the American Republic.

"As was so well said by the patriotic American, the great Paulist, Father Hecker, 'The doctrines of the Catholic Church alone give to popular rights and government founded thereupon, an intellectual basis, and furnish their vital principle. What a Catholic believes as a member of the Catholic Church, he believes as a citizen of the Republic. His religion consecrates his political convictions, and this consecration imparts a two-fold strength to his patriotism.'

"Statesmen and scholars have admired the Government of the Catholic Church, and have pronounced it a masterpiece of human wisdom. It has been called an elective monarchy, an aristocracy of merit, and a republican Governmment without its factions. Certain it is that the democratic element permeates and controls it to a remarkable degree. In the Catholic Church, her humblest members can aspire to and have generally filled her most exalted positions. She is and always has been the friend of the people, an enemy of caste and distinction. In the words of St. Paul: 'With her there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision, neither Scythian nor Barbarian, neither bond nor free.' Her temples of worship are schools of democracy. At her altars, the prince and the peasant, the aristocrat and the plebian, the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side. All are equal in the sight of God, as they should be in the sight of man.

"The ocean of her philanthropy knows no shore. There is no winter to her charity. A shallow and superficial observer is he who asserts that the Church of the Apostles is antagonistic to the Federal Republic. The exact opposite is the truth.

"A Church which preserves in their entirety, and in their integrity the truths of the Christian Revelation, Revelation, which holds up to mankind as a model her Divine Founder, the Incarnate Son of God, which insists upon the inviolability of the marriage tie, and obedience to law, which teaches the rights of property, sanctity of contracts, reciprocal rights and duties of capital labor, and justice and charity in all relation of life, is one of the most potent of forces for strengthening the foundations of the Republic, for warding off the dangers which threaten, and for solving the problems which confront it.

"The disease which menaces Society today is moral not economic; neither philosophy nor political economy can cure it. The influences radiating from the Decalogue, the Golden Rule, and the Sermon on the Mount alone can regenerate mankind. To quote from Cardinal Newman, 'quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and pride of men.'

"Every attempt to reform society except by supernatural means has failed, and always will fail.

> 'It will but skin an film the ulcerous place
> Whilst rank corruption mining all within
> Infects unseen.'

"Among the jewels in the coronet which adorns the brow of the American Catholic Church are Liberty of Conscience, and Separation of Church and State. A Church which has always fought against tyranny and oppression, which affirms the value of human reason, and defends the natural rights of man, thrives best in the congenial atmosphere of liberty and freedom.

"Union of Church and State is contrary to the genius and spirit of republican institutions. The State always drags down the Church to its own level. The Church can never perform her Divine Mission while fettered by the State.

"The Catholic Church demands no special privileges in the United States. She requests only those rights which are guaranteed to her by the Federal Constitution. These she insists not only for herself, but for all other denominations as well.

"The Catholic citizen to be consistent with the principles, traditions and history of his Church should cherish in his mind a high ideal of what this Republic and its Government should be.

"Every movement to elevate, purify and ennoble our politics, every effort for a higher standard in political life, and for the enactment of more just, humane and equitable laws, should receive his earnest, active support.

"The Republic of Washington and Lincoln; the glorious heritage of civil liberty and constitutional freedom, inherited from the Fathers; the sacred edifice cemented on a hundred battlefields, by the blood of Protestants and Catholics alike, is inexpressibly dear to us all.

"In the future as in the past, in peace and in war, the American Catholic citizen will always be found fighting shoulder to shoulder with his fellow patriots of every shade of religious belief—Protestant, Agnostic or Jew—ready and willing at any sacrifice even life itself, to do that which will contribute to the integrity, the perpetuity, the honor, and glory of the Republic."

On the completion of Mr. Looney's eloquent discourse and the singing of the hymn "To Thee O Country," by the Sanctuary choir, Mgr. Mcdonnough in a few well chosen words acknowledged the distinguished honor of presenting to the audience as next speaker on the evening's program, His Excellency, the Hon. William T. Haines, Governor of the State of Maine.

The entire assembly arose with Governor Haines, according to him a most enthusiastic welcome, applauding him time and time again during the course of his interesting talk in which he expressed his pleasure at being able to encourage by his presence

the great good being done by the Church, and to rejoice with her children over the good results already attained. "The respect and esteem in which I hold your Bishop," said His Excellency, "if no other reason, would have compelled me to accept the invitation to be present on this occasion."

It was most appropriate that the evening's last speaker should have been Bishop Walsh, "to whom," as the Daily Eastern Argus well stated in its report of the celebration, "belongs the credit and distinction of arranging for the proper observance of these great events, the celebration of which was brought to such an auspicious close by the long to be remembered occasion of last evening. He was received with great ovation when he rose to take his place at the speaker's stand. The greeting which was tendered was of several minutes' duration and only ceased when he raised his hand as a signal to the vast assemblage to terminate its applause."

Bishop Walsh spoke without notes; he evidently needed none for what he said came without doubt from a thorough consciousness and mastery of his subject. "There come before me tonight," said the Rt. Rev. Bishop, "three figures, Constantine the Great, Columbus the great Discoverer, Champlain the great Explorer. Constantine the Great to whom is due the honor and credit of extending to the Catholic church the right of religious freedom after three hundred years of persistent persecution, the man who issued the edict that gave to the Cross of Christ its proper place over the Eagle of Rome, the man who placed the Cross upon the churches and State houses, as well as upon the standards of the Roman Empire, the man who made the heavenly given motto 'In Hoc Signo Vinces, In this Sign Thou Shalt Conquor,' his own and thus contributed to its extension to other nations where it yet remains on their national banners.

"Columbus the Great Discoverer, the one who received his inspiration from the Cross and whose love and devotion to the same led him to carry it across the trackless ocean, made it his consolation during those gloomy days of his voyage when there was naught about him save the vast waters and a despairing and rebellous crew, and caused him to firmly plant it in freshly discovered soil of the Western World.

"Champlain the Catholic Explorer who visited in detail the entire coast of our State, who sailed up her rivers, first definitely charted her waters, described her resources and beauties, names her prominent headlands, and perhaps first planted in her virgin soil the standard of the Cross.

"These three great men, Constantine, Columbus, Champlain were all Catholics; each and every one of them stood for the same purpose, the 'Exhaltation of the Cross.' Champlain was the first as far as we know to rear it in Maine. Thus it will be acknowledged that if there is any privilege in birthright, there can be no question of our place in Maine."

The duties of Catholics and their obligations under the teachings of the Church, to always stand for law and order were enumerated and clearly set forth by the Bishop. "The Catholic Church," said the Rt. Rev. Speaker, "asks for no union of Church and State. She never asked for anything of the kind. If such a union was ever sought, it was the State that requested it and that for its own purposes. The Church here only asks for that liberty and protection to which she has a right under the constitution and laws of our State.

"For Maine the Catholic Church will do what she had done for every other State or Nation when left untrammeled. She will be the great conservative force around which the friends of law and order may always rally and count upon her constant assistance whenever in danger from social or moral upheavals."

In closing Bishop Walsh publically thanked His Excellency, Governor Haines for his many courtesies towards him, expressed his appreciation and that of his people for the presence of both Governor Haines and Mayor Curtis at the closing exercises held in honor of the Ter-Centenary of the Church in Maine.

The immense throng then arose and as with one voice chanted that well known hymn which formed so fitting a finale to the Ter-Centennial commemorations:

"Holy God, we praise Thy name,
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heav'n above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy name."

THE PINE-TREE.

With whispers of futurity
And echoes of the past,
Twin birds a shelter find in thee
Against the wintry blast
The fledgling Hope, that preens her wing,
Too timorous to fly,
And Memory that comes to sing
Her coranach, and die.

—*John B. Tabb.*

The Triumph of the Cross

By Comm. Giuseppe Angelini.

From the *Osservatore Romano.*

From persecution to peace, from oppression to liberty, from the obscure asylum of the catacombs to the splendour and the glory of the Lateran! Such is the adventurous advance, such the stupendous synthesis of the events so auspicious for the Church and for civilization, the remembrance of which at present gladdens the catholic world. Behold the import of the sixteenth centenary commemoration of the same, which we purpose to illustrate.

The victory of Constantine was indeed the triumph of the Cross, the Edict of Milan a message of peace and of liberty for the Church; a triumph which was the harbinger and starting-point of a long and marvellous series of other triumphs which were to be accomplished in the course of the ages; peace and liberty which were to humanity the prolific messengers of abundant and inestimable benefits.

The august Sign of Redemption which the pagan world in its blindness still persisted in regarding as an emblem of slavery and ignominy, once impressed by Constantine on the imperial standards, began its triumphal progress throughout the world, an object of veneration for the faithful, a centre of attraction for all the peoples still ignorant of the good tidings, a powerful weapon in all holy conflicts, a promise and a glorious symbol of the future unfailing victories of truth, of justice, of virtue.

How many palms have in every age crowned this sacred standard! With how many laurels has the Church through its means garlanded her white and stainless brow! Through the wisdom of the holy doctors, that venerated Sign has been the scourge of all errors, the messenger of civilization to all the nations. Blazoned on the crown of princes, it has been a token of mildness and magnanimity. In presence of the magisterial toga, it has been a guarantee of integrity and justice. On the breast of knights, it has been the inspiration of great and magnanimous enterprises. On the stainless bosom of virgins, it has been a breastplate of adamant, a sacred flame of charity and heroism. In the most arduous trials, in the most difficult under-

(F) (G) (D) (E) (C)

(A) (B)

The Apostolic Delegate and visiting Bishops at "Thirlstone," the home of Dr. Morrell, Aug. 7th, 1913.

(A) The Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate.
(B) The Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland, Me.
(C) The Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., Bishop of Providence, R. I.
(D) The Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, Mass.
(E) The Rt. Rev. George A. Guertin, D. D., Bishop of Manchester, N. H.
(F) The Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Rice, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt.
(G) The Rt. Rev. John J. Nilan, D. D., Bishop of Hartford, Conn.

takings of life, it is the prop; of those who suffer, it constitutes the sole hope; of the last pantings of the dying, it is the supreme comfort; over the gloomy stillness of the cemetery it extends its beneficient and propitious shadow.

In the triumph of the Cross, presage of peace and liberty for the Church, are likewise virtually comprehended all the priceless benefits which that peace and that liberty were to bring to civilization, emancipating the Church herself from dire servitude and placing her in a position to carry on amongst mankind her saving mission. Thereby, in truth, the Church, breaking down the unnatural barriers which pagan barbarismm had raised up between them, was enabled to affirm and triumphantly assert the principle of universal brotherhood amongst men, children all of them of one and the same Father, redeemed all by one and the same ransom, all reserved equally for the same immortal destiny; thereby was she enabled to sunder the trammels in which half the human race was fast bound, to sanctify the family by restoring woman to the dignity to which God Himself had elevated her when He predestined her for the exalted mission of co-redemptress of the human race; thereby, in a word, was the Church enabled to diffuse throughout the earth christian civilization and to summon all the nations to become sharers therein.

This civilization which sixteen centuries ago was officially recognized by the Edict of Milan, was thereby enabled to inaugurate its triumphant march throught the world; it clutched Society in its arms, animated it with its living breath, infused into its organism, decayed and wasted by paganism, its own generous blood, nourished it, educated it, wholly wrapped it round and pervaded it. From it and through it laws acquired dignity and prestige; morals, austerity and urbanity; the sciences and literature, light and discipline; the arts, new and sublime inspiration; thus with its advent and through its means life and impulse were given to the noblest undertakings, and there arose the most remarkable and glorious monuments of christian genius.

These are victories and triumphs of which christian civilization is justly proud. Like the links of a golden chain, as rivulets to their source, are they united to those achieved sixteen centuries ago, which was jubilation we are at present commemorating, and through which the great, the sublime victory won on Golgotha by the divine Victor was, together with His work of redemption, made manifest by means of the peace granted to the Church, and was enabled to reveal itself amongst men in all its efficacious regenerative potency. And the festivities with which we are celebrating this centenary commemoration could not have had a more significant or appropriate commencement than the solemn and most touching ceremony whereby on Low

Sunday, in the places sacred to the memory and to the remains of the martyrs, the entire cycle of festivities was inaugurated.

The devout and imposing procession which, starting from the Catacomb of Domitilla, bore in triumph the Eucharistic Host, later in the grounds of the Catacomb of Callixtus by a Prince of the Church clad in pontifical vestments to be raised aloft in blessing over the multitude kneeling round, and which then, to the accompaniment of psalmody, proceeded to the ancient Basilica of the martyr St. Sebastian, there to break forth into a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord, was a beautiful representation of the Church of Jesus Christ, which, no longer beset with snares, came forth, through the Edict of Milan, from the bowels of the earth sixteen centuries ago; and leaving the catacombs, where it had grown amidst mystery and prayer, still ruddy with the blood of the martyrs, the prolific dew of its nascent shoots, it appeared in the light of day, and serene and majestic went forward to pursue its great destinies of mother and mistress of all nations.

The festive canticles which we made to echo in the obscure subterranean passages of the catacombs, which we sent rejoicing through the air, caressed by the spring-tide warmth, these canticles of faith and love, of gratitude and hope, we are repeating beneath the magnificent vaults of the august Constantinian Basilicas in this prolonged commemoration in which we have engaged with all the ardour aroused in us by memories and sentiments which awaken in our hearts the noblest and holiest affections, which cause to start to our lips the names that are dearest and most venerated.

These festivities, in truth, we are celebrating in the sacred name of the Church, which in the triumph of the august Symbol of Redemption and in the peace which threw open before her the doors of the imperial residence achieved security and freedom to carry on amongst men her pacific mission; we are celebrating them in the glorious name of christian civilization, for which that triumph signalized the end of so many crimes and so many errors, and opened up a new era of precious conquests and stainless victories; we are celebrating them more particularly, we her sons, in the beloved name of this Rome, which in the triumph of the Cross, in the Peace of the Church, in the public and solemn recognition by the imperial authority of the See of Peter, established within her walls, acquired a precious pledge and a secure guarantee of her glorious and indefectibile immortality.

A QUESTION OF TODAY

From time to time sensational articles appear in our daily papers and magazines in support of the so-called "Woman's Rights," and loudly echoing the cry for "Woman Suffrage." Meanwhile the thoughtful reader quietly compares the modern suffragette with that other type of woman pictured in the sacred Scriptures as the "valiant one." It does not appear that the woman of the olden time was interested in politics or the affairs of government—and still she is pictured as being a very active woman—with her work very clearly defined. There is no possible mistake about her calling in life. Her duties are relegated to those of her household. She is not agitated by this doing or that saying of public leaders—nor does she spend her time in useless arguments—"The law of clemency is on her tongue."

So faithful is this ideal woman in the pursuit of her daily avocation that her husband and her children are loud in her praise and are ready to proclaim her worth on every occasion. Home is a dear spot to them and her presence in it is a benediction. Likewise, all the great women of the past, Spartan Mothers, the Mothers of the Gracchi, the Mother of the Mackabees, and God's own dear Mother are shining lights of womanly retirement and modest fidelity to the duties of home life.

What a wretched mistake, then, for women to so abandon themselves to what they term their cause as to put to shame their own gentle sex. Even men in their wildest outbursts of lawlessness have not gone beyond the pale in any greater degree than have the so-called suffragettes. They want a "grip on life," they say, then learn from the poet how to get it:

"The age of *living* is upon us now;
And women live; and living, unlearn how
They ought to die, unlearn how they should love;
Unlearn themselves, unlearn the heavens above.
And yet the greatest souls the earth has seen
Did only live; and even Heaven's Queen
Performed no other deed than living right,—
Loving the will of God, and in His sight
Walking obedient. She owned nought
That might enrich her fame; no armies fought
Beneath her banner; no proud argosy
Was hers; she left no priceless gallery
Of painting nor of sculpture, not a song
To keep her memory for ages long,
She only lived and loved and found her good
As well beside the cradle as the Rood.
The age of living is upon us now,—
Let us, then, live, and Mary, teach us how."

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

The appeal made by the Bishop of Lead, South Dakota, before the twelfth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic societies at Milwaukee, August 11, of this present year has been the subject of nation wide attention, from the fact that some of the Catholic people of Lead considering that the Bishop had gone beyond his province in condemning conditions as they existed in Lead, asked the intervention of the Apostolic Delegate, in what has grown to be a very regrettable affair on their part.

A careful study of the question shows that Bishop Busch was clearly within his right in bringing to the attention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, the intolerable conditions existing in his Episcopal city, the chief industry of which is the Homestake Mining Company, a corporation which kept its employees so constantly at work that it was practically impossible for them to assist at Divine services on Sunday.

The Bishop while admitting that it might be necessary to carry on certain departments that can not be idle even on Sunday without serious loss; some costly features that are practically automatic, but require supervision. Again a certain amount of repair work must be done, all of which makes a certain amount of Sunday work necessary, and therefore permissible. But it is equally true that a great amount of manual labor could be dispensed on Sunday without any serious loss to anyone and an ultimate gain to all. Such was simply the stand taken by the Bishop of Lead, that all unnecessary work admittedly so be suspended so that the good people of Lead might be in a position to assist at Sunday services and enjoy that repose so essential for their bodily comfort.

Those opposing the Bishop, to render their stand as plausible as possible, set forth in glowing terms the high standard maintained by the Homestake Mining Company towards its employees, generous wages, free hospital service, a relief society, free library, free kindergarten, all of which were very true, but in no way affect the question at issue, i. e., the necessity of Sunday observance as far as compatible with the well being of the company and its help. An indignation meeting was called; the mayor of Lead took the chair; resolutions denouncing the Bishop and protesting against his stand were drawn up and addressed to the Apostolic Delegate, asking his intervention with the result that the following letter was received by Mr. James L. Curran, one of the protestants, from His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, which conveys a most striking lesson not only to the interested at Lead, but also to the malcontents or evil disposed towards legitimate authority in other parts of our country.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. James L. Curran,
Lead, S. D.

DEAR SIR:—Herewith enclosed, I am sending back the protest that you and your friends sent me against the Rt. Rev. Joseph Busch, Bishop of Lead, because it is full of disrespect for him and is unbecoming of Catholics.

The Bishop in his address before the convention of the federation of Catholic Societies in Milwaukee, and in his circular letter treating of Sunday observance in Lead amply acknowledged the liberality of the Homestake Mining Company toward its employees in general and towards the Catholic Church in particular.

If you had only carefully read those two documents, you would not have felt the need of sounding the company's praises, as if the Bishop had not already fully lauded its generosity. The Bishop denounced as contrary to the laws of God and the state, the habitual inobservance of Sunday in Lead, placing the greater part of the responsibility for it on the Homestake Mining Company.

And thus far, this has not been denied by anyone, not even by the friends of the company, when they formed their resolutions in their meeting of the 6th inst. This fact of Sunday inobservance being once established, it was not only the right of the Bishop, but it was a duty for him to protest, which he did precisely in virtue of those "religious prerogatives" that you attack in your protest, and yet at the same time say you are not in any way attempting to interfere with.

You similarly disregard those religious prerogatives when you haughtily declare that "you are opposed to the formation on any Catholic Workmen's union in the diocese, as it belonged to you and not to the Bishop to look after the welfare of the faithful.." And withal you boast of the fact that your are Catholics. You say that you are true and loyal friends of the Homestake Mining Company and of this I have nothing to say, provided your friendship for the company does not cause you to grieve and offend a Bishop of whose apostolic zeal and courage you should be proud.

I am sending enclosed in this letter the copy of an editorial taken from the Telegram, a paper of Deadwood, S. D., that will enlighten you about the true situation in Lead.

A copy of this letter will be sent to the Right Reverend Bishop.

I am yours respectfully,

JOHN BONZANO,

Archbishop of Miletene, Apostolic Delegate.

A True Story

Elizabeth Conway was perpetually engaged in "works of philanthropy." She had learned the phrase from her dear aunt Nell and also the art of ministering to the wants of others, but she had much to learn in the way of tact and gentle sympathy.

One day as she was entering her aunt's gateway, a confused sound of childish voices reached her from a street leading into the piazza, and a small boy came running towards her, pursued by a half dozen of others. He turned his head from time to time to fling back an inarticulate babble of defiance, but without stopping, and when he reached Elizabeth he caught her arm and hid his face in her dress, trembling as he clung.

"Shame on you, you bad boys!" cried Elizabeth, suffering the child to cling to her while she poured out reproaches on his tormenters.

"We weren't going to hurt him, miss," said one of them.

"Isn't it hurting him to frighten him so?" she demanded.

"He keeps following us, and we don't want him," said another. "He can't play nor do anything, and he gets in the way. He is a deaf-mute."

"I wonder if any idea of compassion ever enters the heart of a child, unless it is put there by some older person?" thought Elizabeth.

She turned to the children. "You drive this poor little boy away from you because he is so unfortunate," she said. "Well, wait till it comes your turn to be driven away by the holy angels. What should they want of such company as yours, you cruel little—" she paused in search of a word which should strike terror into them—"little Protestants."

"We ain't Protestants!" came in an indignant chorus from the boys.

Elizabeth lifted the child's head from her arm and spoke to him soothingly. He knew nothing of danger till it fell upon him as his life was shut in from all around him.

He gazed around and saw that his pursuers had gone and where he was. A light sprang into his face and he turned quickly in the direction of the gate but stopped suddenly, looking helplessly back at Elizabeth.

She called the child to her and taking her crucifix from her pocket showed it to him. He fervently pressed it to his lips and pointed to heaven.

"Ah," thought Elizabeth, "here is an emblem that interposes itself between the poor child and despair,—evidently his mother has taught him the love of our Lord in His crucifixion."

The boy wandered about the piazza with a disconsolate air, then went and sat down on the church steps. The silver-toned bells were ringing joyfully. It was the custom to ring the bells at the death of a child under seven; not a morto, but a gloria, for a pure soul was entering heaven.

The child sat thinking. The shadows of night began to deepen, he crept into the church, cuddled up on the step of our Lady's altar and fell fast asleep.

About eleven o'clock old Bianca, the poor crippled woman with whom he lived, for he had no relatives and but this one friend, roused the neighbors and began to search for the missing boy. Some one had seen him in the road leading out of the city, others had seen him that afternoon down by the river. Bianca wandered about listening and looking in every direction, but the child did not appear. Elizabeth finally remembered having seen him on the church steps before sunset, and hastened, together with some of her friends, to see if he were there.

Only a weary child could have so deep a slumber, for not even the sexton, jangling his keys and opening the large and ponderous doors, could awaken him.

There at the foot of our Lady's shrine Elizabeth found him. It seemed as if some special message was being sent her regarding this poor child.

"I must care for him," said Elizabeth to Bianca, "Our Lady will not have to appeal to me again. I shall speak to Mother Magdalen and ask to have him taken in at the Home."

Bianca was only too happy to have the child properly cared for and cried with gratitude towards Elizabeth, and sorrow at the thought of losing the boy.

Mother Magdalen received him with all the tenderness and loving welcome of which her motherly heart was capable, and having heard the story of his refuge called him her "Knight of Repose."

The True Fount of Learning

The history of the Church is in one sense a history of education. As the Church is essentially a teacher with a commission to bring to mankind the great message of truth, its teachings are the informing principles in all instruction, for it alone can unerringly define life and its responsibilities. Ignored in modern systems of pedagogics, the Church's teachings find no place in much of either the mental science or child-study of the day, so that it is not surprising that there is such a lamentable failure in an instruction which builds itself upon a moral philosophy without God, a psychology without a soul, and a life without a knowledge of eternal aims and purposes.

As a result our modern systems are at the mercy of experimentalists, who, in many cases, have unreasonably reasoned themselves out of belief in a personal God, in immortality, and in the eternal life. The child study which has gained such prominence of late years takes no account of the original lapse from justice, the Incarnation and Redemption, and the kingdom of grace into which, through the mercy of God, the sacramental system of the Church places the child and man.

The general drift of thought outside the Church, is distinctly in the direction of a purely material conception of man's existence, and a certain and sure denial of the supernatural. This drift or tendency is permeating all the sources of life and dominating more and more even those who were formerly thought to be, within Protestantism, the bulwarks of conservatism. The press, the schools, the literature of the times, social life, and even the sacred ideals of family life, have been compelled to surrender in part to its unholy influence.

This is not without its effect upon a certain class of half-educated and weak Catholics. The time has come when the Church must enforce the spirit of her teaching upon the Catholic heart and conscience, and every Catholic worthy of the name must enlist in this crusade, not to save the holy places of Palestine from profanation, but what is of far greater importance to save the little ones of Christ from spiritual destruction.

Much as the world has advanced—materially, in the advantages of steam, electricity, the mechanical appliances and even aerial navigation, sociologically, in the improvement of the con-

ditions of life; intellectually, in the diffusion of education, and the delights of literature and art, now brought within the reach of everybody—there is no advance that can compare with that which measures the moral and religious growth of the race. "Faith makes the man." The death of art and progress follows when the world's heart casts out religion. The human brain is what men worship now, and heaven, to them, means gain.

To this decay is ascribed the unhealthy condition of modern society,—in short, the revival of the spirit and practices of Paganism.

To imagine that our superiority is merely mechanical and material, is to fail to see things as they are.

"If," as Bishop Spalding says, "the aim of the best education is to enable students to see what is true and to inspire them with the love of all truth; if, in a word, knowledge begins and ends in faith, the education of the Catholic child conducted on such high principles is of very superior quality.

"Reared in the atmosphere of faith the child will view all things in the pure white light of truth. In this light the mind grows and expands. It is the light which is: 'Instinct of heaven and with its radiance bright.'"

Intellects narrowed with mere worldly precepts cannot endure its glare; young minds ever basking in it, grow broad and beautiful as truth itself. And though it may be the fashion of a certain class to sneer at education conducted on a religious basis, as narrow, and to say the least out of time with the sentiments of modern progress, greater minds and nobler hearts are not wanting, who, in the words of the French philosopher Du Bois—Reymond, exclaim: "Modern science, however paradoxical it may sound, owes origin to Christianity."

The marvellous changes, political, social, moral, intellectual and physical which give character to the twentieth century, are but a prelude to a drama which shall make all past achievements of our race appear weak and incomplete.

If all Catholics would unite and concentrate their interests and energies in the support and upbuild of our Catholic system of education what splendid results would follow. What glory to God—what benefit to man would result.

Of every Catholic Fount of Learning in this broad land may we not say: "Sweet home! where Wisdom, like a mother, doth lead her children in pleasant ways."

The Vision of Fra Angelico

There is a pretty legend about Fra Angelico, the painter of angels, that is touching and beautiful as the refined and gentle character of the holy friar.

One day he worked at his canvas with more than wonted zeal and earnestness. The atmosphere was clear and the sunshine poured in floods around him. The glint of seraph's wings seemed to make the room in which he worked still brighter. And then he had a dream in which an angel came and caught his falling brushes and began to paint a marvellous picture.

Soon in glowing colors on the radiant wall, the story of the angel's salutation grew into the wondrous scene depicted in the Gospel. One could almost hear the "Ave, gratia plena," that fell from the angel's lips and Fra Angelico perceived that it was none other but the blessed Gabriel who was the artist.

At twilight, when the Brothers filed past into the church, they beheld a fresco such as human eyes had never seen before. "For shame!" cried one. Another knelt down in a blind and helpless daze—rays brilliant as the sun seemed to blind his very eyes.

The Prior, coming upon the scene, musingly spoke aloud, "Our Angelico is surely mad! This is senseless stuff! What does it mean anyway, he has been working too hard of late, his mind must be over tired."

"Ah, it is Our Lady herself!" cried out a mere novice, "I have seen her before just as she is there. She has smiled on me in my dreams."

At this the gentle artist friar awoke and saw the seraph-painting all so pure; but grief filled his heart at the praise, and the blame, the shame, and the awe of his Brothers.

With deep humility he arose, seized his brushes and with tremulous sighs traced the painting over line by line saying, "Yes, I must make it plainer, my poor hand seems to have failed to perform its usual work."

And the Brothers, looking on, seemed to see far otherwise than at the first glance. The longer they looked the more perfect, even divine the painting seemed to be, until at last with reverent mien they sensed the presence of an angel and kneeling kissed the ground where the heavenly artist had hovered at his task.

The Month of the Holy Souls

"All Saints Day" and "All Souls Day" are so beautifully enshrined in the Catholic traditions of all countries that they are among the most popular and best known festivals and observed by people in every nation.

As a festival day, each has its own setting and Holy Mother Church has given to each great prominence in her sacred ceremonies.

All Saints Day.

The Saints have their days fixed in the Calendar of each year, and to each day is assigned one or more of these holy persons, whose sanctity has made them bright examples in the Church and before the world. Thus St. Teresa of Spain comes on October 15, St. Charles of Milan on November 4, and generally speaking the date of their death is chosen for such observance, because it is their birthday into Heaven."

While, therefore, all these extraordinary holy persons are given their full merit on earth as in Heaven, the Church knows that there are thousands of really holy souls in every walk of life, whose deeds of virtue and valor have not been recorded in history nor praised by the public, because they were unknown or obscure. With that kindness, tenderness and loving justice of a Mother, Holy Church, therefore, has set apart one day in each year to honor, praise and exalt that great multitude, of which St. John speaks in the Apocalypse: "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands; and they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb."

Among these are many, no doubt, known to ourselves, and whose life has been one, long, quiet act of prayer and love in a home, in a Convent, in public life, in the sanctuary, a father, a mother, brother or sister, perhaps a friend or benefactor, for there are martyrs in many a home, known only to a few friends and to God.

Then, too, all good Catholics may hope, some day, to be placed among that multitude in Heaven, thus the festival has a

significance to stir up faith, hope, charity and perseverance in doing good, and the Gospel of the day is simply the most beautiful part of the Sermon on the Mount, or the Beautitudes.

ALL SOULS DAY.

All Souls Day is perhaps even more popular and indeed the whole month of November is called the month of the Holy Souls.

As a doctrine, arising out of the consoling teaching on Purgatory, it is as old as the Christian Church; as a special festival, it became a corollary to All Saints Day in the early Middle Ages, and has been made beautiful by the faith, reverence and gratitude of devout souls in the world, while it is replete with lessons of love, penance and patience.

It means, then, devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, holy in the sense that they are the friends of God and sure to have the "Beatific Vision," yet are not yet entirely purified from the dross and dust of the world, hence may be helped by prayer and meritorious works of the faithful on earth, and may also help by their prayers their faithful benefactors, thus a beautiful reciprocal act of love.

It is a day of mourning, prayer, fasting, yet also one of joy and earnest thanksgiving, and often brings back to sinners as to just the true values in the world, as they are at the hour of death or beside the grave.

It brings multitudes to the Church for Mass in the morning, and in many parts of the world it brings vast throngs to the cemetery on the eve or during the day, hence gives birth to two very important personal and family devotions—perpetual care for the souls after death and perpetual care for the resting place of the body or the cemetery.

Perpetual Holy Souls Society.

Prayer is beneficial, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as being the "Prayer of Our Blessed Lord" is the best of all, hence many faithful have a special Mass offered every day in November and share in the "Solemn Requiem Mass" offered on All Souls Day, by becoming members of the Holy Souls Society, and they also share in the Mass offered once each month during the year, they as living benefactors and their deceased friends for whom the Masses are offered.

The Cathedral Holy Souls Society is based upon this plan, and for $3.00 paid or payable on All Souls Day each year the best fruits of the entire year are secured.

Forgetfulness and often real sinful ingratitude deprive the dead of the aid that ought to be given by children, friends and

beneficiaries, alas, sometimes the unworthy recipients of worldly goods and gold, earned by hard work and sacrifice, hence the custom and wisdom of many who give outright or leave by will a small sum of money, $150 to $200, as a fund, the interest of which each year assures their names and memory in perpetuity on the list for All Souls Day and the entire month of November.

Such is the Cathedral Holy Souls Society, which has several families on its list, and such a society may be formed in every parish, provided that the fund remain intact.

Each Catholic family should deem it a duty of respect and gratitude to deceased parents or other members, to have its sacred interests thus safeguarded, and it is consoling to know that many Catholic families now have at least one anniversary Solemn Requiem Mass for all the departed ones, thus keeping up the Christian union of family life.

Perpetual Care of the Cemetery.

This again is a fruit of the same Christian doctrine, respect and care for the resting place of the dead.

The human body, in the eyes of the Church, is by Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Eucharist the sacred temple and dwelling place of God, in the Father by creation, in the Son by Baptism and Holy Eucharist, in the Holy Ghost by Confirmation, and when it has been sanctified by the last Sacraments for the dying, it remains forever sacred in the grave, though "to dust it has returned."

The Cemetery.

"We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." These beautiful words of St. Paul give the Christian philosophy of life, hence between the short stirring hours of the present and the repose of eternity, the transitory home of the dead is called by the Church a "cemetery," which means "a sleeping place."

The Church, at all times, wished the bodies of her children "united in one common faith" and sanctified so often during life by the same "sacraments of grace" to be buried also in one common "consecrated" ground, to await in common hope the morning of resurrection. Hence the desire and laws requiring and governing Catholic Cemeteries, like Catholic Churches.

The right care and respect demand personal visits from time to time, entails sacrifices of time or money to make the family lot neat and clean, and to erect a modest Catholic monument, where possible, but above all some method to keep all in good condition.

This may be done by any member of the family, subject, of course, to all reasonable Cemetery regulations, or it may be

given over to the manager of the Cemetery for annual care by payment of $3 a year for an ordinary lot, or better by providing perpetual care by paying $75 and upwards, which establishes a written contract with the Cemetery Corporation to keep the lot in respectable condition at all times, not however, including any repairs on stone work or curbing or monuments.

The Cemetery is Diocesan property, yet administered by each Pastor, who may establish such a fund, provided always that the fund itself remain intact.

The Calvary Cemetery in Portland has such a fund that promises well for all future needs.

We respectfully urge all these Christian thought and practices upon our faithful people and assure them that true devotion for the dead must include them all.

The cemetery, indeed, ever reminds man of his mortality, but his every step therein is cheered with hopes of immortality. The "consecrated ground," the last beautiful chant of "Requiescat in pace" of priest or friend, the "Cross," symbol of victory over death, rising over tombs and graves, and pointing heavenward, the inscription: "In hope of resurrection," or "Glory to God on high," and the emblems of religion that surround the dead, "resting softly in their silent graves," all tell of that great future home.

The tears, trickling down sorrowful cheeks, the sighs resounding daily through the air of the silent graveyard, the broken hearts that bend o'er the graves of dear departed ones, are all encircled by that bright hope of a future meeting and eternal joy in Heaven, where "God shall wipe away all tears, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away." St. Paul.

"O comforting, sustaining truth! The years as they go by so quietly and swiftly, are drawing us fast into eternity, where He will welcome us to His own home, and press us to His Heart, and put aside His veils, and show us His face, and take the sight of it away from us no more."—Father Faber.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Saint Sauveur

Should it have been our lot to visit the City of Honfleur, on the coast of Normandy, an early spring morning, March 12th, 1613, we would have seen in the harbor which is practically the same to-day, a small vessel of about one hundred tons burden, heavily laden, her deck crowded to overflowing with a band of Normans busily waving their adieus to their friends on shore. On inquiry we are told that it is the ship Jonas about to depart with a Catholic colony for New France. We have already met the Jonas before; she was at Port Royal in 1606 under De Monts; we find her here again in 1610 with Poutrincourt and his followers. She was then the bearer of an almost purely commercial enterprise, while on this morning she is departing from the shore of France under a new commission carrying with her a group of self-exiled Catholics whose hopes of success in the new world were destined to be rudely blasted.

The main spring or soul of the expedition was Antoinette de Pons Marchioness de Guercheville, "a woman," as Sylvester writes, "of deeply religious character and of wide influence." With the reports at hand of the practical failure of her first venture of 1611 as far as its real purpose was concerned, Madame de Guercheville had determined upon the selection of a new site where a settlement might be established under Catholic auspices, where the religious difficulties encountered at Ste. Croix and Port Royal might be avoided. She carefully studied the letters of Father Biard written from Port Royal describing the advantages of Kadesquit and had instructed her commander De la Saussaye to call on his way at Port Royal for Fathers Biard and Massé. All necessary precautions having been duly taken, De la Saussaye directed the Captain of the Jonas, Charles Flory to cast off his morings and set his course for the shores of New France. It was the 12th of March, 1613. On the deck of the vessel as she passed out of the harbor of Honfleur stood the colonists, 48 in number, together with the Jesuit Father Quentin and the lay brother Gilbert du Thet taking their last view of the fast receeding shores of France, turning thence to the land of their hopes and fond aspiration across the ocean. With them was every thing necessary for the success of the

enterprise, farming tools, horses, goats, etc., artisans, carpenters and laborers.

Two months at sea have already passed, months filled with sufferings, trials, and privations, because of their crowded condition, months whose days dragged as wearily and seemed as long as did the many miles of ocean o'er which they sailed, and the good ship Jonas has once again anchored on the shores of New France. It was on the 16th of May, 1613, that our colonists first trod the soil of the new world, at Cape de la Hève, but their tarry here was short, for with the erection of a cross and the celebration of holy Mass they again resumed their journey to Port Royal now some three hundred and seventy-five miles distant. With fair wind it must have been about the 19th of May when they reached Port Royal. Their arrival found the settlement practically deserted, for with the exception of Fathers Biard and Massé, who are anxiously awaiting their coming and a few others, the rest of the colonists had gone in search of food. Two days of preparation, and five days detention by adverse winds saw the departure of the Jonas for Kadesquit, with her sailed Fathers Biard, Massé and a few of those remaining at Port Royal. It was now about the 26th of May, and one hundred and seventy-five miles still lay between her and Kadesquit. When off the coast of Maine, one of those dense fogs so common to-day was encountered. Their situation is easily understood by anyone who has had but small experience in foggy weather on the Maine coast; so thick at times becomes the fog, that one has difficulty in distinguishing objects but a few feet ahead of the vessel; to this add a turbulent sea, and the fact that you have rather lost your bearings, and you have in a nut shell De la Saussaye's condition during those two anxious days and nights that they were drifting and tossing to and fro between Grand Manan and Mount Desert.

It was probably on the morning of the 29th that the weather cleared and they saw before them on the horizon the towering hills of the Desert Isle; they may perchance been out near Mount Desert Rock as the rays of the morning sun came stealing through the fog towards them across the waves of Frenchman's Bay. However this may be, we know that no time was lost, that they at once sought the harbor and the shore where the holy sacrifice was offered at that early morning hour in thanksgiving for their deliverance from the dangers of the unknown waters. But where the spot of their landing; where the site of their rude altar? No rock as at Plymouth here marks the soil their footsteps first trod; the cross that towered above their altar of sacrifice has long since crumbled in the dust. The name they gave it, Saint Sauveur, alone endures. Tradition places them at or near what is now known as Hull's Cove a few miles from the present Bar Harbor.

The story of Mount Desert began with that September day in the year 1604 when Champlain slowly feeling his way along our "rock bound coast" paused to regard the island which

> "Abrupt and bare,
> Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—
> Seen from afar, like some stronghold
> Built by the ocean kings of old."

and in his wonder and admiration gave to

> "The gray and thunder smitten pile
> Which marks afar the Desert Isle"

the well deserved appelation "L'isle des Monts Deserts," a name which it has since borne in part, The Isle of the Desert Mountains. Beneath its shadows, our pilgrim's journey is soon to end.

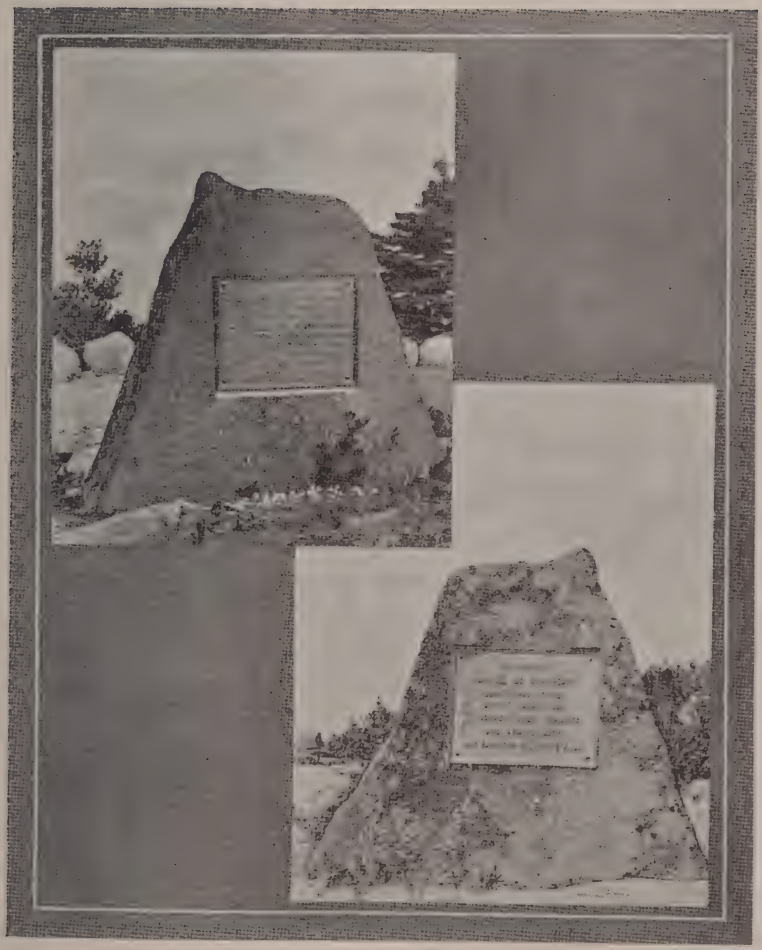
As the day wears on, the Indians recognizing the good intentions of the new comers, form their acquaintance and endeavor as far as possible to give them some idea of the surrounding country; they tell them of their chief and their village on the other side of the island over across the mountains; they tell them of his illness, of his desire to see the good fathers he had perhaps encountered on previous visits. Antiscou is sick, possibly unto death. Father Baird needs no further argument; he at once places himself at their pleasure, follows their guidance as they direct their frail barks out around the sea exposed points, Schooner Head, Great Head, and Otter Cliffs, by Seal Harbor around to present Manchester's Point, the site of the Indian village where he was ushered into the presence of Antiscou whom he found in truth sick but in no immediate danger. Learning from Father Biard of his intention to continue on to Kadesquit, he led him to his cabin opening, and pointing towards a clearing on a point directly opposite across the bay said, "Behold quite as good a place as Kadesquit." In November of 1611 Father Biard had already been at Kadesquit and had already written Madame de Guercheville of its advantages for a settlement; he had perhaps promised the good chief there that he would ere long return to such pleasant surroundings. The site before him was certainly ideal; the natives well disposed; his sailors adverse to journeying farther on; the season already well advanced; the uncertainty of being able to resume the voyage in face of a well established opposition undoubtedly let him to compromise with his people and remain at Mount Desert. Returning he reported his decision to De la Saussaye who reembarked his colonists and brought the Jonas around the island and anchored just off site selected by Father Biard at the suggestion of Antiscou. It may perchance interest our readers to let an eye witness describe the scene. Father

Biard thus writes his Superior: "This place is a beautiful hillside sloping gently from the seashore, and supplied with water by a spring on either side. There are from twenty-five to thirty acres, covered with grass, which in some places, reaches the height of a man. It fronts the south and east. The soil is rich and fertile. The harbor is smooth as a pond, being shut in by the large island of Mount Desert, besides sheltered by certain smaller islands which break the force of the wind and waves and fortify the entrance. It is large enough to hold any fleet, and ships can discharge within a cable length of the shore. It is in latitude forty-four and one-half degrees north, a position more northerly than that of Bourdeaux."

In our frontispiece, the reader will find an illustration of this chosen site. In explanation let us use the names of to-day. To the right, we have Some's sound; in the distance up the sound we see Robbinson's mountain; in the center, the highest point of land is known as Dog Mountain and the dark underlying just below is called Flying Mountain,—while to the left are dimly outlined Beech and Western Mountains.

The sloping land just beneath the above named mountains is Fernald's Point, now generally accepted as the site chosen by Father Biard for his mission settlement; the vessel swinging at her moorings is the Jonas; her journey's end has been reached; her sails have been furled; her people have disembarked; the mission cross has been reared, the rude altar erected; the Holy Sacrifice offered; the work of foundation began. "With the beginning of the work" says Father Biard, "also began quarrels, a second sign and augury of our ill luck." De la Saussaye at once decided to prepare the soil for planting," while all the chiefs of the enterprise were urging him not to employ the laborers for that purpose, but to get to work upon the houses and fortifications, which he did not wish to do. It would be hard to accuse De la Saussaye of being wanting in wisdom, for if the colony was to be self-supporting it was certainly time to prepare for the harvest. What might have been the result had he taken the opposite course, we cannot say. With the meagre resources at his disposal, the construction of fortifications would seem out of the question at least at the very beginning of his work as some would seem to imply he should have done, for they would have availed him little against the winter severities sure to follow and perhaps, little more against any enemy who might have attacked him.

The soil however was prepared, the seed sown, the construction of the primitive dwellings begun and perhaps well advanced ere the unlooked for or unexpected enemy appeared upon the scene, prepared to destroy in a few fleeting moments what had been the work or result of many a sacrifice, and it seems in truth little short of irony of fate that this pityless destroyer



Monument Erected to the Memory of Champlain at
Seal Harbor, Maine.

should have come under the guidance of the very ones whose condition had called for the heroic sacrifice made in their behalf.

Like many a day whose morn was fair and promising only to give place to the storm and tempest of a later hour, our devoted colonists so filled with hope were doomed to sudden disappointment. The land on which they had staked their fortunes lay within the Jamestown grant which would without doubt have left them the subject of future controversy. However, the storm was not long in closing in upon them. Ships were not unfrequent visitors in those days off the New England shores, and the Indians had learned to venture far from land in their frail barks for purposes of trade or sign communication with the adventurers on their coast. It was with one of these that our Pemetic Indians chanced to communicate on a pleasant summer day soon after the arrival of the French at Mount Desert. Rejoicing in the presence of the strangers among them, they certainly saw no reason why they should not lead them to the rapidly rising settlement on the point, just beyond the water, facing their village.

Divining from their gestures, and hearing them use the word Norman, the unknown stranger who was none other than Samuel Argall, commander of the English ship Treasurer from Jamestown, concluded that the French must have established a settlement in the near vicinity so under the Indian guidance, Argall set all sail and was soon on his way up towards the head of the inlet now called Some's Sound.

Rounding Greenings Island, he saw at once the Jonas at her moorings, her sails furled or turned into awnings over her decks to protect her people from the summer sun. On shore the newly planted land, the half finished cabins on the rising ground just back from the mission cross, the busy settlers hurrying to and fro at their work, some preparing their mid-day meal, others hauling the recently felled trees for the completions of their temporary huts, such was the scene which lay before Samuel Argall on that summer day when he first sailed into what is now known as the western bay.

It would seem unreasonable that we should expect his visit to be other than a friendly call; this was what the Indians looked forward to; this was what the Catholic children of France expected when they saw the strange ship bearing down upon them, and they started out in their "Pattach" to bid it welcome, but they were not long in discovering that the ship from the peak of whose mast now flew the flag of England, whose decks resounded to the sound of the drums and trumpets calling her crew to quarters was not the bearer of friendly greetings. To think of defense was out of the question for they had made no preparation to defend themselves in this lone spot on the shore of the western world. They had not yet thought of war, they had in mind only to colonize and civilize. Defenseless they scat-

tered as best they could to shelter, some to the water, some up the mountain side, others in behind the Islands and as their retreating forms could be seen going to their places of safety, the smoke was seen to belch from the side of the oncoming ship, and a moment later the hostile leaden messengers crashed through the sides of the Jonas, the first shot in that contest for empire in America between England and France had been fired, the great struggle for mastery in the new world was on, destined to continue until the lilies of France under the heroic Montcalm went down to final defeat on the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759.

"Panic stricken as they were at this sudden and unlooked onslaught, the French were in no condition to offer resistance; in vain did Captain Flory call on his men to defend themselves; no one responded, until the Jesuit lay brother, Brave du Thet," says L. Biard, "took a match and caused our cannon to speak as loudly as the enemy's but in vain for the Treasurer was now along side the hapless Jonas into which she fired another volley and as the smoke of battle cleared away and the English boarded the stricken vessel, heroic du Thet was found at the helm mortally wounded, two more were killed in trying to escape to the shore, and Captain Flory together with two of his men slightly wounded."

The contest if such it may be called had been won; Argall was now master of the situation and there was truly little to expect from one who was the author of such an unprovoked attack, for grant him any commission we please, or place his act in any light we may, we find for it no justification.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

With faith unshadowed by the night,
Undazzled by the day,
With hope that plumed thee for the flight,
And courage to assay,
God sent thee from the crowded ark,
Christ-bearer, like the dove,
To find o'er sundering waters dark,
New lands for conquering love.

—*John B. Tabb.*

Obituaries

All lovers of good literature and inspiring reading have learned with deep regret the death of the gifted Irish priest and scholar, the Rev. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, novelist, essayist and lecturer, parish priest of Doneraille, County Cork, Ireland, where he died, Monday, October 6th, in the 61st year of his age.

Father Sheehan was a native of Mallow, County Cork, where he first saw the light of day, March 17th, 1852. He passed his early school years at St. Colemans College, Fermoy, afterwards going to Maynooth where he was ordained priest in 1875. Like many other young Irish priests he was assigned to the English missions whence after a few years he returned to his native land to fiill appointments at Queenstown and Mallow, finally to be appointed parish priest of Doneraile in 1895. Pope Leo honored him with the title of D. D., in 1902, and his Bishop appointed him Canon of the diocese of Cloyne in 1903.

One of a quartet of noted Catholic priests of Great Britain, Canon William Barry, Mgr. Drew ("John Ayscough"), Mgr. Benson, Father Sheehan was easily one of the foremost writers of his day. Hardly a newsdealer of any standing who does not to-day keep his works in stock. In the public libraries both large and small his books are among those most constantly in use, and with reason, for besides that stream of sparkling Irish wit which we find in evidence on every page for the amusement of his many readers we realize that he has so well carried out the maxim of the great Roman poet. "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

"Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo" that the attentive reader is both pleased and instructed as from choice he reads his essays, lectures, or novels. He at once finds himself as it were under the spell of the magic pen which knows how to touch upon the most delicate subjects treating them most fully without in any way wounding the sensibilities of the humblest child of the Church.

The fact that his books are so general among the English speaking people the world over, and that they have been translated many times over is sure test of their popularity and worth.

Patrick Ford, founder and editor of the Irish World, died at his home in Brooklin, N. Y., September 24th, 1913, after an illness of about four days of pneumonia. Mr. Ford was a native of County of Galway, Ireland, where he was born April 2, 1837. Coming to America at the early age of 12 years, he first settled in Boston, where on arriving at the age of 18 he began his journalistic career. On the breaking out of the civil war, he enlisted in the Ninth Massachusetts, following the fortunes of his regiment until the close of the war when he went to Charleston, S. C., to begin the publication of the Charleston Gazette. After a stay of four years in Charleston, he took up his residence in New York beginning at once the publication of the Irish World which continued to be his work until his death. A life long advocate of the cause of Ireland, Patrick Ford will be mourned throughout the world by the children of the Ever Green Isle. His character as a man was thus briefly summed up by the Rev. William McGuirl in the touching eulogy pronounced on the occasion of his funeral. "Patrick Ford, as a man, was the real cream of Irish Faith, and Irish spirit. And like the Patriarchs of old, he was venerated by his children. Monthly communion, daily masses his rosary every day, and the spirit of faith permeating his household. These are the men that God raises up to give us examples of civic and moral virtues. He was absolutely unassuming. For money he had no thought. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now his paper became a success, and he must have had plenty of means at his disposal, and yet he never carried a dollar. Not for years. Having the Irishman's family, with his eleven children, he always had a body guard to the office."

In his letter of condolence to Mr. Ford's family, Archbishop Ireland said in part: "A great and good man went from us when Patrick Ford left earth—one, whom during life, all those who admire and love honor and principle, together with unswerving fidelity to both, could not have failed to admire and love. The most devoted he was of the servants of Ireland, the land of his ancestry; to America, the land of his civic allegiance; to the Catholic Church, the mother of his religious faith. No Irishman, no American, no Catholic is there who, knowing Patrick Ford, does not to-day bid him a fond farewell, who does not sorrow that the brave warrior has laid by the sword he so long and so boldly wielded in the defense of justice and truth. May his soul be in peace with his maker, whom in all his tasks and labors he never forgot."

The death of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe which took place October 1st of this present year at his home in Toronto, Canada marks the passing of one of the Church's great benefactors.

Mr. O'Keefe was born in Bandon, County Cork, Ireland, December 10, 1827, but came to Canada with his parents at the early age of five years where he has been a resident of Toronto since his arrival in 1834. As a boy, he obtained his early education at the Church schools in his adopted city, and while yet in his teens, entered the old Toronto Savings Bank which still exists as a trust company administered by a board of which he was a member, under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Toronto. Speaking of his benefaction to the cause of religion, the Toronto Star says, "As a devout Roman Catholic Mr. O'Keefe took special interest in Church matters. About seven years ago, he built and equipped the pretty Roman Catholic Church in North Toronto known as St. Monica's. He spared nothing to make this church everything that could be wished for the work it was to do in the community. This church is said to have cost him, including the presbytery in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. It is said that Mr. O'Keefe wanted to build two churches and that after the completion of St. Monica's, he approached the late Archbishop McEvay with a view to having him select the site. In place of a church however, the Archbishop pointed out the need of a seminary for English speaking priests. Mr. O'Keefe decided to undertake the work which has only recently been completed at a cost of about $450,000, all of which was provided by him. He also endowed two chairs in the Seminary."

"Again when the need arose for a church for the poles of Toronto, Mr. O'Keefe came generously to the front and bought a large Presbyterian church costing about $39,000."

Apart from the above mentioned evidences of his generosity, every new church foundation in the diocese of Toronto always received from Mr. O'Keefe a subscription of $500.00, and we are told that hardly a day ever passed but some worthy work or poor family was visited by his charitable ministration.

In the well deserved eulogy on the occasion of his funeral, Saturday morning, October 4th, Archbishop McNeil said in part: "We are come to pay tribute of respect, to pray for his soul, and to take a last farewell of our departed friend. Scripture often speaks of death as a sleep, and nothing more fittingly expressed the passing of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, which has been like that of the falling fruit, not shortened for one hour by any excess of his life but living out the full span of a strong constitution given him."

"There is a lesson in his life that may be lasting," continued the Archbishop." There is a great deal of benevolence practiced in the world to-day, but in what spirit is it done? Is there not a sharp dividing line between those things that are done for

man alone and those who have God in view? I need not ask on what side our dead friend is placed. But in the light of his example, what does it mean to the world when we can place the majority on the left? It means that our most serious problems, such as those of which Socialism is an indication, have set their roots deep in the attitude which excludes God from man's doings and belongings."

His Grace most feelingly referred to the practice of Mr. O'Keefe who came to the Cathedral not alone on Sunday but on every day of his life for half a century, to the many old men and women in the large congregation present, who by the tribute of their tears were silent witness to the charities of their benefactor, now dead.

GONE.

The sunshine seeks thee, and the day,
  Without thee, lonely, wears away;
And where the twilight shadows pass,
  And miss thy footprints on the grass,
They weep; whereat the breezes sigh,
  And, following to find thee, die.

—*John B. Tabb.*

Historical and Magazine Notes

There were erected in the United States last year, 373 churches at an estimated cost of $7,500,000.

The Catholic Club of Paris is said to have recently offered $15,000 for the Marquis de Wentworth's painting "The Death Bed of Leo XIII," rececntly purchased and presented to the Catholic University.

The year 1914 will be eventful in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States inasmuch as it will mark the completion and the opening of for Divine services, the magnificent Cathedrals at St. Louis, St. Paul, together with those at Buffalo and Newark.

Following a plea from Catholic priests in Memphis, Tenn., for the purification of theatres, ten thousand persons have signed pledges not to attend a theatre that ventures to present any play to which objection may be raised.

In the diocese of Hartford, Conn., according to recent reports, there are eighty-one parochial schools with an estimated attendance of 35,000 pupils. When we consider the number attending colleges and academies under Catholic auspices we find the number increased to 37,000.

In the same diocese there are over 430,000 Catholics of whom more than half are native born.

A very touching scene was witnessed at Quebec, September 7th, when the White Sisters of Africa, fifteen in number departed for their destination in the heart of the Dark Continent.

The last adieus of these heroic Canadian ladies to their relatives and friends were extremely affecting, since it meant in all probability to meet no more on earth. But no matter how sad the parting, when the sense of duty speaks to the priest or sister no place on earth should be too remote or desolate for their response.

The Denver Catholic Register quotes a prominent Catholic of that city as saying: "If Catholics would quit buying the 'Menace,' that paper would have to go out of business," then aptly remarks, "that some Catholics seem to delight in reading lies about their church." The protestant and Secular press all over the country have frequently condemned the "Menace" and every Catholic knows that no one except the most ignorant believe a word the filthy sheet prints.

The same might be said of many papers published by people calling themselves Catholics whose chief stock in trade consists in criticizing and abusing church authorities, both in particular and in general as it suits their pleasure, such papers are supported and kept in existence by Catholics who sooner or later must pay the penalty of their coöperation in the work of these evil workers, by the loss not only of their own faith but most frequently that of their children.

The Hon. William J. Bryan was the guest of the Philadelphia Chapter, Knights of Columbus, the 12th inst., for their annual Columbus day celebration.

In opening his address, he specified three reasons why he felt honored at being among them, namely: It was a pleasure for him to honor the discoverer of America; second because the date of the discovery was celebrated under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, a great organization of 300,000 members who if when they lived up to their high ideals, have accomplished by their intelligent and earnest work, a great deal, and who have before them a larger work than that which they have already done; and the third reason why I feel honored to be invited as a guest to-night is that this organization is connected with the largest branch of the Christian Church. As a member of a Christian Church, though a different one from this, I am still proud of what the Catholic Church has accomplished in this country and in the world. When traveling through foreign lands, I have not yet found a country which its missionaries have not reached, not a country in which its devotion to Christian ideals has not been exemplified.

While we fully appreciate the honest compliment which the Eminent Secretary of State paid the Catholic Church in her children on this occasion, we would wish that he could see the Church in the same way as did the greatest exponent of the "branch theory" the late Cardinal Newman who for a long time held to it as a sort of the middle of the road way, his "via media" as he tells us in his "Apologia" which he finally felt obliged to abandon as untenable, but fortunately many are convinced, as the great Cardinal while yet without the threshhold of the Church in 1841 was, when he wrote Tract 90, that "The age is moving towards something; and most unhappily the one religious communion among us, which has of late years been practically in possession of this something, is the Church of Rome."

"Some months ago, a woman who became a convert to Catholicity through the influence of her husband, was forced, on account of his unconquerable love for drink, to sue before the District Court of Ramsey Country for a divorce. When her attorney suggested that she petition the court to restore her maiden name, she refused to do so, for the reason that it was through her husband that she received the inestimable blessing of the one true faith, and in gratitude for that priceless gift, she wished to retain his name. What greater tribute could she pay him, unworthy though he proved himself to be? Had he valued the church of his fathers as much as she did the religion of her adoption, there would have been nothing but happiness in store for that family. We can imagine how unbearable life must have become for the wife before she took legal steps to sever the sacred tie that bound her to her husband; but it did not militate against her continued adhesion to that faith which she regarded as the most precious fruit of her wedded life, and to which she had recourse in her moments of greatest trial and difficulty."—Catholic Bulletin.

An eminent Catholic physician gives the following results of twenty years of investigation among the unfortunates whom he has visited: "Out of 342 disunited families, counted 320 whose members never attend Mass; out of 417 young men who were the despair and dishonor of their families, twelve only were church goers; out of 23 bankrupts, not one went to church; out of forty stores which opened their doors on Sunday, not ten of them were really prosperous; out of twenty-five children who had no respect for their parents, twenty-four had not made their Easter duty since their First Communion." All of which

tends to confirm the conclusion of every observant person that the moment a Catholic man or woman or child ceases to attend Holy Mass and frequent the Sacraments, something radically wrong has entered their lives, whose blighting influences renders distasteful whatever elevates and leads man to a purer and better life.

"God alone knows the amount of good accomplished in the Catholic confessional as the long line of men and women wait on Saturday evenings, each entering behind the screen to whisper into the ear of Christ's minister the bad tale of human weakness and sin. Society will never know how much profit it receives from good advice and suggestion given to its citizens in the sacred tribunal of penance. The thought has often come to us: If Catholics are so weak and prone to relapse and sin in spite of the wonder working confessional, what indeed must be the moral state of the non-Catholic young women and men who have no knowledge of experience with this soul-saving sacrament. The Catholic cripple has at least a crutch to support his weakness; the non-Catholic has no help but his own resources.

Terrible indeed is his misfortune. If confession were not of Divine origins, it would have been invented as the most efficatious means of lifting men's souls from the dunghill of human infirmity."—The Catholic Register, Kansas City, Mo.

Antoinette de Pons
Marquise de Guercheville,
Founder of Saint Sauveur.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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